

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS



No. 235.—VOL. IX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



MISS CLEEVES.

RAILWAYS.

BANK HOLIDAY.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

ALL EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS for distances over Ten and under Fifty Miles, and the Cheap Return Tickets between London and Westenhanger, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, and Dover, issued on August 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th, will be available for the return journey by any Train of the same description and Class up to and including August 9th.

Return Tickets for distances under Ten Miles, and those for distances over Fifty Miles, will be available for the usual time.

THE SATURDAY TO MONDAY CHEAP

RETURN TICKETS:—London, New Cross, Lewisham and Blackheath to Dover, Folkestone, Shorncliffe, Hythe, Sandgate, Hastings, St. Leonards, Margate, Ramsgate, Canterbury, &c. Fare there and back, 5s., 3rd Class. Children under 12 Half Fares. Also, Cheap Return Tickets from Country Stations to the Sea-Side.

BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, AUGUST 5th.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS from London and New Cross to Dover, Folkestone, Shorncliffe, Hythe, Sandgate, Hastings, St. Leonards, Margate, Ramsgate, Canterbury, &c. Fare there and back, 5s., 3rd Class. Children under 12 Half Fares. Also, Cheap Return Tickets from Country Stations to the Sea-Side.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS for BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, MAZE HILL (for Greenwich Park), and GRAVESEND.

CHEAP TICKETS FOR EXCURSIONS TO PARIS AND BACK, via Folkestone and Boulogne; the cheapest, swiftest, and quickest short sea route, or via Dover and Calais. Fares:—Third Class, 31s. 6d.; Second Class, 47s.; Mixed Class, 63s. Tickets available for 14 days from Charing Cross and Cannon Street Stations daily. For particulars see Time Books.

Tidal and Mail Services as usual.

Hastings, St. Leonards, and Tunbridge Wells By South Eastern Railway.
Folkestone, Dover, Hythe, and Sandgate By South Eastern Railway.
Ramsgate, Margate, Canterbury, Sevenoaks, and Maidstone By South Eastern Railway.
New Route to Chatham, Sittingbourne, Faversham, Sheerness, &c., by South Eastern Railway, from Charing Cross, Cannon Street, &c., Stations, and vice versa.

For further Particulars see Handbills, to be had on application at any of the Stations.

JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.—BANK HOLIDAY.

For the convenience of those who may wish to obtain information or procure tickets beforehand, the South Western Company will keep open its West-end Office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly Circus, till 11.0 p.m. on Friday and on Saturday 3rd instant for the sale of ordinary and cheap tickets to all Stations.

BANK HOLIDAY.—SOUTH WESTERN

RAILWAY.—All RETURN TICKETS for distances from 10 to 100 miles are AVAILABLE from FRIDAY, August 2, to FRIDAY, August 9.

Return Tickets for distances over 100 miles are available for one month.

Return Tickets from London to the Isle of Wight are available for eight days.

CHEAP ONE-DAY EXCURSION from LONDON to SOUTH-AMPTON (for Cowes and Newport), PORTSMOUTH (for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor), Gosport, Salisbury, for Wiltton, Romsey, Winchester, &c., on MONDAY, 5th August, leaving Waterloo-bridge station at 7.10 a.m. (from Kensington at 7.10, West Brompton 7.3, and Chelsea 7.5 a.m.), calling at Vauxhall at 7.15 a.m., Clapham Junction at 7.22 a.m., Wimbledon at 7.29 a.m., and Surbiton at 7.40 a.m., returning the same day, arriving in London about 10.40 p.m. Steamboats run at frequent intervals from Southampton to Cowes, and from Portsmouth (Harbour Pier) to Ryde. Fares to all the above stations and back: second class, 7s. 6d.; third class, 5s. Fares to Portsmouth Harbour and back: second class, 8s.; third class, 5s. 6d. A steamer will leave Portsmouth Harbour at 10.40 a.m., to sail round the Isle of Wight, and will arrive back at Portsmouth Harbour in time for the Return Excursion.

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EVERY SATURDAY, TILL FURTHER NOTICE, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS WILL RUN AS UNDER:

To SOUTH OF DEVON by the new direct route, PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, Liddord (for LAUNCESTON), TAVISTOCK (for LISKEARD), Okehampton, &c., for 9 or 16 days, by FAST TRAIN leaving Waterloo Station at 9.0 a.m.

To SALISBURY, Templecombe (for Somerset and Dorset Line), Yeovil, Exeter, Exmouth (for Budleigh Salterton), NORTH DEVON, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, &c., for 9 or 16 days, by train leaving Waterloo Station at 8.40 a.m.

To Lymington (for Freshwater), Bournemouth, POOLE, Wimborne, Brockenhurst and the New Forest, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, &c., for 9 or 16 days, by train leaving Waterloo Station at 12.10 p.m.

To PORTSMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, SOUTHAMPTON, SALISBURY, &c., for 4 days, by train leaving Waterloo Station at 1.15 p.m.

Excursion handbills showing times of trains down and up, fares, &c., may be had at any of the Company's Stations and Receiving Houses, or by post from the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

Tickets and all information at the West End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, and at the Stations.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

On SATURDAY, August 3rd, Cheap Excursion trains will be run by the Midland route as follows:—From St. Pancras at 8.10, Moorgate Street 7.46, Aldersgate Street 7.48, Farringdon Street 7.50, and Kentish Town at 8.15 a.m., for Colne, Lancaster, Morecambe, Kirkby Stephen, Appleby and Carlisle.

From St. Pancras at 10.5, Moorgate Street 9.37, Aldersgate Street 9.39, Farringdon Street 9.41, and Kentish Town 10.10 a.m., for Sheffield, Rotherham, Barnsley, Wakefield, Normanton, York Hill, Leeds, Bradford, Matlock, Buxton, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, and Manchester. From St. Pancras at 1.30, Moorgate Street 12.48, Aldersgate Street 12.50, Farringdon Street 12.52, and Kentish Town 1.35 p.m., for Leicester, Burton-on-Trent, Nottingham, Derby, Ilkeston, Pye Bridge, Mansfield, Newark, and Lincoln. From St. Pancras at 2.0, Moorgate Street 2.3, Aldersgate Street 2.5, Farringdon Street 2.7, and Kentish Town 2.35 p.m., for Hinkley, Nuneaton and Birmingham. For particulars of return see bills.

BANK HOLIDAY.—On Bank Holiday AUGUST 5th, a CHEAP EXCURSION train for BEDFORD will leave St. Pancras at 8.45, Moorgate Street 8.24, Aldersgate Street 8.26, Farringdon Street 8.18, Kentish Town 8.50, and Hendon at 9.5 a.m., returning at 9.30 p.m. same day. Cheap excursion trains for ST. ALBAN'S will also leave St. Pancras at 11.0 a.m., and 1.45 p.m., Moorgate Street at 10.38 a.m. and 1.30 p.m., Aldersgate Street 10.40 a.m. and 1.32 p.m., Farringdon Street 10.42 a.m. and 1.34 p.m., Kentish Town 10.40 a.m. and 1.38 p.m., and Kentish Town 11.5 a.m. and 1.49 p.m., returning at 8.45 and 9.30 p.m. same day.

Letts and Fireworks at the Welsh Harp.—Trains will run at frequent intervals between St. Pancras and City Stations and the Welsh Harp and Hendon.

For further particulars see bills, to be had at the Stations.

Derby, July 1878. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

BRIGADE COMPETITION AND ATHLETIC SPORTS AT BEDFORD.

On MONDAY, August 5, a Cheap Excursion Train for BEDFORD (by the Midland Company's route) will leave St. Pancras at 8.45, fares, 8s., 4s.; Moorgate Street, 8.24, Aldersgate Street, 8.26, Farringdon Street, 8.18, fares, 8s., 4s., 6d.; Kentish Town, 8.50, fares, 8s., 4s.; Hendon, 9.5, fares, 7s., 3s., 6d.; reaching Bedford about 10.40 a.m.

The Return Train will leave Bedford at 9.30 p.m. the same day, and the Tickets will be available to return by this train only.

Derby, July 1878. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SCOTLAND.

The SUMMER SERVICE of Express Trains between London (St. Pancras) and Scotland is now in operation.

Down Trains.—Weekdays.

	a.m.	C D	a.m.	A	B E	B
London (St. Pan.).....dep.	5 15	10 30	8 0	9 15	9 15	9 15
Edinburgh.....arr.	4 35	8 40	6 0	7 45	7 45	7 45
Glasgow.....".....	4 50	9 0	6 0	7 50	7 50	7 50
Greenock.....".....	5 55	9 52	6 0	8 23	8 23	8 23
Perth.....".....	7 45	11 40	8 40	11 10	11 10	11 10
Aberdeen.....".....	8 55	12 40	9 45	12 35	12 35	12 35
Inverness.....".....	9 55	13 40	10 45	13 35	13 35	13 35

A—Pullman Sleeping Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow.

These Cars are well ventilated, fitted with Lavatory, &c., and accompanied by a Special Attendant. Charge for seat in Drawing Room Car 5s., and for Berth in Sleeping Car 8s., in addition to the First Class Fare.

Through Carriages from St. Pancras to Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness, by Express leaving London at 8.0 p.m.

D—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 10.30 a.m. on Saturdays has no connection with Inverness on Sunday mornings. E—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m. on Saturday nights has no connection with Trains north of Edinburgh on Sunday mornings.

The 9.15 p.m. EXPRESS from St. Pancras is due at Greenock in ample time to enable Passengers to join the "Iona" Steamer for the Highlands of Scotland. A through Carriage is run from St. Pancras to Greenock by this Train.

TAY BRIDGE ROUTE.—This popular Route to the North of Scotland is now open, and Passengers for Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, Aberdeen, Deeside, Ballater, and other places in the North of Scotland may be booked via Edinburgh and the Tay Bridge at St. Pancras and other Midland Stations.

To the Down Scotch Express Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m. a Through Carriage is attached for Aberdeen, via Edinburgh, Stirling, and the Tay Bridge.

A Through Carriage for St. Pancras is also run via the Tay Bridge by the corresponding Up Train leaving Aberdeen at 3.55 p.m.

The Fares are the same as those charged by any other route.

For further particulars see Time-Tables.

Derby, July, 1878. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1878.

FIRST and THIRD CLASS TOURIST TICKETS, available for TWO MONTHS, will be issued from May 1st to the 31st October, 1878. For Particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes, issued by the Company.

Derby, April, 1878. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, August 5th, 1878.

Trains every fifteen minutes to and from Chalk Farm for PRIMROSE HILL and the ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

To and from Highbury and Islington for the Agricultural Hall.

And to and from Victoria Park and Hampstead Heath and Willesden Junction.

Every half-hour to and from Kew Bridge, for Kew Gardens.

Every hour to and from Richmond, with a frequent Train service to and from Teddington, for Bushey Park and Hampton Court.

Every half-hour to and from Kensington (Addison Road) and South Kensington, with a frequent Train Service in connection with the Crystal Palace.

Frequent trains to Finsbury Park, Alexandra Palace Station, Wood Green, Barnet, High Barnet, and Enfield.

Broad-street, July, 1878. By Order.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

SEASIDE.—TWO MONTHS and FORTNIGHTLY RETURN TICKETS are now issued to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Aldeburgh, Harwich, Dovercourt, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Hunstanton.

On the BANK HOLIDAY, Monday, August 5th, 1878, SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAINS will run as under:—

To WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE, DOVERCOURT, and HARWICH and BACK, from Liverpool-street Station, at 8.15 a.m., calling at Stratford. Fares:—1st class, 10s.; 2nd class, 8s.

To BROXBOURNE, and RYE HOUSE and BACK, from Liverpool-street, at frequent intervals from 9.0 a.m. to 12.0 noon. Fares:—1st class, 4s.; 2nd class, 3s.; 3rd class, 2s.

To WOODFORD, BUCKHURST-HILL, and LOUGHTON and BACK, by all Trains from Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate, Bethnal-green, Fenchurch-street, Stepney, and Burdett-road. Fares:—Woodford, 1st class, 2s.; 2nd class, 1s. 6d.; 3rd class, 1s. Buckhurst-hill, 1st class, 2s. 3d.; 2nd class, 1s. 8d.; 3rd class, 1s. 2d. Loughton, 1st class, 2s. 9d.; 2nd class, 2s.; 3rd class, 1s. 6d.

To CHINGFORD, by all Trains from Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate, and Bethnal-green. Fares:—1st class, 2s.; 2nd class, 1s. 4d.; 3rd class, 1s. ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Frequent Trains will be run between Liverpool-street and Green-lanes, for Wood-green and the Alexandra Palace.

For full particulars see Handbills.

London, July, 1878. S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN

and CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.

WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE to and FROM SCOTLAND.—The SUMMER SERVICE of PASSENGER TRAINS from LONDON to SCOTLAND is now in operation.

Express Trains leave London (Euston Station) for SCOTLAND at 5.15 a.m. (Newspaper Express), 7.15 a.m. (Mail Train), 10.0 a.m. (Day Express), 11.0 a.m., 8.0 p.m. (Tourist Train), 8.50 p.m. (Limited Mail), and 9.0 p.m.

The Tourist Train (8.0 p.m.) leaves Euston every night, except Saturdays, and is due at Greenock in ample time to enable passengers to join the "Iona" and "Lord of the Isles" Steamers for the Highlands of Scotland. It is also appointed to reach Perth in advance of the Limited Mail, enabling passengers to breakfast before proceeding to the North. This Train will run on SATURDAY, August 10th, but will have no connection to Greenock.

From the 22nd July to the 9th August (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), an additional Express will leave Euston Station at 7.0 p.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. This Train will convey Horses, Carriages, and Special Parties.

Day Saloons fitted with Lavatory accommodation are attached to the 10.0 a.m. Down Express from Euston, and 10.0 a.m. Up Express from Edinburgh and Glasgow, without extra charge.

Sleeping accommodation is provided by the Night Mails to and from London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, and Perth. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

G. FINLAY, J. SMITHILLS.

July, 1878.

BRIGHTON RACES.—August 6th, 7th, and 8th.

CHEAP TRAINS from LONDON BRIDGE and VICTORIA, 8.45 a.m., calling at New Cross, Clapham Junction, Norwood Junction, and Croydon. Fare, there and back, same day, 4s.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS, Express Fares, 1st and 2nd class only, will leave VICTORIA 9.40 a.m. and 10.30 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN, 1st class Express Fares only, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN, at 1st and 2nd class Express Fares, will leave LONDON BRIDGE, 10.25 a.m., calling at Croydon.

SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS, returning from Brighton, 1st and 2nd class, at 5.0 p.m., 6.0 p.m., 6.40 p.m., and 6.50 p.m., to Croydon, London Bridge, and Victoria. Also at 5.45 p.m. (1st class only) to Croydon and Victoria.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS (August 6th and 7th only) will be issued from Portsmouth, Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and Intermediate Stations.

LEWES RACES, August 9th and 10th.—A SPECIAL TRAIN, at Ordinary Fares, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, will leave VICTORIA 7.25 a.m., Clapham Junction 7.30 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 7.30 a.m., New Cross 7.35 a.m., Croydon (East) 7.55 a.m., Redhill Junction 8.15 a.m.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN, at Ordinary Fares, 1st and 2nd Class only, will leave VICTORIA 10.0 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 10.5 a.m. Croydon (East) 10.20 a.m.

A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN, 1st Class only (15s. Return Tickets) will leave VICTORIA 10.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 10.35 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 10.25 a.m., and Croydon (East) 10.45 a.m.

SPECIAL TRAINS at ORDINARY FARES, return from Lewes, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, from 5.15 p.m. to 6.50 p.m.

FREQUENT EXTRA TRAINS, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, between Brighton and Lewes.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued from Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and Intermediate Stations.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.—

PROMENADE CONCERTS under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, EVERY EVENING at 8. Artists: Mdle. Alma Verini, Mesdames Rose Hersee, José Sherrington, Mary Davis, and Anna Williams; Mesdames Patey and Antoinette Sterling; Messrs. Edward Lloyd and McGuckin; Messrs. Maybrick and Federici; Miss Josephine Lawrence, and Mr. Howard Reynolds.

Conductor.—Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN,

Assisted by Mr. ALFRED CELLIER.

The Orchestra will consist of Eighty Performers. Band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. Fred. Godfrey.

Box-office open Daily, from 10 to 5.

Prices:—Private Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls (separate entrance), 2s.; Promenade, ONE SHILLING.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Pro-

prietor, Benjamin Webster. Lessee and Manager, T. G. Clarke. Every Evening at 8. PROOF. Mr. Chas. Kelley, Messrs. A. Stirling, L. Lablache, C. Harcourt, J. Johnstone, and E. J. George. Mesdames Bandmann, B. Pateman, A. Stirling, Billington, Hudspeth, Rimbault, and L. Moodie. Preceded by, at 7, SARAH'S YOUNG MAN. Messrs. E. J. George, F. Moreland, Waring. Mesdames Hudspeth, J. Coveney, and Bentley. To conclude with SHRIMPS FOR TWO.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—MISS BATE-

MAN as MARY WARNER.—Monday, August 5th, supported by Messrs. Fernandez, Billington, Johnson, Archer, E. Lyons, Pinerio, Miss Virginia Francis, &c. Scenery and Music by Craven and Stoenel. Pit enlarged, and auditorium rendered the coolest in London. Box Office open 10 to 5. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1144th

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1144th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Flockton, Kyrle, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, Austin, and Marshall; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Free list suspended. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

OPERA COMIQUE.—H.M.S. PINAFORE,

or, The Lass That Loved a Sailor; an original nautical Comic Opera, by W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Every Evening, at 9.0. At 7.45, THE SPECTRE KNIGHT; fanciful Operetta, by J. Albery and Alfred Cellier. Mesdames Emma Howson, Alice Burville, Everard, Jessie Bond; Messrs. G. Power, Temple, Barrington, Clifton, and G. Grossmith, jun. Conductor, Mr. Goossens. Manager, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Mr. George Honey, and Comedy ENGAGED, for a limited number of nights. On Monday, and during the week, at 7.30, OUR BITTEREST FOE. At 8.15, ENGAGED. Mr. Honey, Messrs. Bruce, Cooper, &c.; Mesdames Hibbert, Cooper, Telbin, Stewart, &c.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. HARE.

Every Evening, at 8, OLIVIA, a new play in Four Acts, written by W. G. Wills. The principal characters by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Misses Kate Aubrey, Neville, Turtle, Cathcart, Nicholls; Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. W. Terriss, Mr. Frank Archer, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. Norman Forbes, Mr. Denison, Mr. Franks, &c.—Box-office hours, 11 to 5. No Fees for Booking. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages quarter to eleven.—Acting-Manager, Mr. Huy.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—IMMENSE

SUCCESS.—Every Evening, original Sensational Drama, QUEEN'S EVIDENCE. Most powerful caste. Preceded by LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE. Commence at 7.30.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.—435th night and continued success of the PINK DOMINOS. New scenery and effects. Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT; Samson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Standing, Elwood, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis; Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Emily Duncan, Camille Clermont, M. Davis, E. Bruce.—Acting-Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Last 6 Nights. LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE. Notice.—Owing to the closing of the Folly Theatre for the usual summer recess in the midst of the great success and popularity of this charming opera, LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE will be revived on Saturday, the 31st August, at the Globe Theatre, of which full particulars will shortly be announced.—Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.

Every evening, at 7, a New Drama (G. Conquest and Pettitt), with all New Scenery and Mechanical Effects, entitled THE GREEN LANES OF ENGLAND. Messrs. James, Sennett, Nicholls, Parker, Vincent, Howe; Mesdames Verner, Victor, Denvil, Read, and Miss Rayner. To conclude with WAT TYLER, supported by the entire Company. On Wednesday the benefit of Mr. Joseph Isaacs. Dancing on the new wooden platform, in the newly-decorated grounds.—Acting Manager, Mr. G. Conquest, jun.; General Manager, Mr. H. Spry.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, THE SUMACHAUN, a New Drama. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Drayton, Charlton, Lewis, Reeve, Towers, Hyde, Rhoads, Pitt; Mdles. Henderson, Bellair, Summers, Rayner, Pettifer, Mrs. Newham. Miscellaneous Entertainment, Austin Brothers, Champion Shots, Joe Colver, (Vocal Comedian); Bertie Stokes, (Vocalist and Dancer). To conclude with LION LIMB. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Bigwood; Mdles. Adams, Brewer. Wednesday, Miss Bertha Adams's Benefit.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE: DIRECT

ROUTE TO INDIA.

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS. First Class Passenger Steamers fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified Surgeons and Stewardses carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

SS. ITALIA.....	Tuesday, July 30	Saturday, August 3
SS. COLUMBIA.....	Saturday, Aug. 24	" 31
SS. INDIA.....	" Sept. 21	" Sept. 28
SS. MACEDONIA.....	" Oct. 5	" Oct. 12
SS. TRINACRIA.....	" 19	" 26
SS. ITALIA.....	" Nov. 2	" Nov. 9

First Class, 50 Guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union Street, Glasgow, and 17, Water Street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel Walk, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament Street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

THE NEW ZEALAND SHIPPING COM-

PANY (Limited).—Head Office, Christchurch, New Zealand.—Passengers for the Colony are invited to inspect the fine clipper ships of this line, lying in the South West India Dock, London, and despatched every month, fitted with every convenience for the comfort and safety of passengers.

For full particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 84, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

OXFORD and BACK via THAMES.—The

passenger Steamer ISIS leaves KINGSTON EVERY MONDAY at 11.45; WINDSOR, TUESDAYS, at 11; returning from Oxford, Thursday, at 10. Also on Saturdays, Kingston for Windsor at 11.45; returning from Windsor, Sundays, at 2.45 p.m.—Agents, Everett and Son, 17, Royal Exchange.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

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Next week's issue of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain, a portrait of Mlle. Albani as "Virginia"—Winners at Goodwood, by J. Sturges—the Grand National Archery Meeting at Tunbridge Wells, by J. Temple—The Lawn at Goodwood, by Dower Wilson—A Yachting Sketch, by H. Tozer—Portrait of M. Capoul, as "Paul"—The Agricultural Show at Dumfries, by W. Donnelly—A Canine Breeding Establishment—A Dream of Cyprus, by Harry Furness—Youth and Age, &c., &c.

EVANS'S CONCERT AND SUPPER ROOMS, COVENT GARDEN.

The CAFE part of these celebrated SUPPER ROOMS is Now Open or the reception of Ladies. The body of the Hall being still reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

EVANS'S WORLD-RENOVED CHOIR OF BOYS, Every Evening, specially trained by, and under the direction of

Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

OPEN AT EIGHT. FIRST CHORUS AT 8.30.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

Proprietor J. B. AMOR.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Week ending August 10th.

Monday, August 5th, Bank Holiday, see special advertisement.
Tuesday, August 6th—Play "Flowers of the Forest," Great Circus, Hanlon Voltas, Martinetti Benedetti, Frantz Family, Cat and Pet Dog Show.
Wednesday, August 7th—Great Circus, Hanlon Voltas, Martinetti Benedetti, Frantz Family, Fritz Renhard, Hanlon Voltas.
Thursday, August 8th—Play "Victorine," Grand Circus, Great Firework Display, Martinetti Benedetti, Band of Scots Guards.
Friday, August 9th—Great Circus, Martinetti Benedetti, Hanlon Voltas, Frantz Family, Fritz Renhard.
Saturday, August 10th—Play "Romeo and Juliet," Great Circus, Martinetti Benedetti, Frantz Family, Hanlon Voltas, Fritz Renhard.
Monday to Saturday, Admission to Palace, One Shilling each day or by Season Ticket.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

MR. LABOUCHERE is not alone in his *penchant* for skimmed milk. An American paper states that horses become after a little while almost passionately fond of skimmed milk, and adds, "A pail of it three times a-day will keep a work horse in better condition than the average ration of four quarts of oats." Perhaps the editor of *Truth* owes his great capacity for work to the same cause, and in that case the stimulating diet is worth recommending to hard-worked journalists.

POLO at night by electric light is likely to be the newest thing in games. It was tried at the Ranelagh Club the other night with great success. There are those who cruelly suggest that the *raison d'être* of the novelty is a desire to conceal the effect of spurs upon the ponies. We do not believe it.

THE Claimant still adheres to his belief that "Cresswell," the man confined in the Paramatta lunatic asylum, is the veritable "Arthur Orton," so says the latest newspaper bulletin from the baronial residence of the "unhappy nobleman." Such firm faith under depressing circumstances is very touching; the unfortunate thing is that "Cresswell" cannot be brought to share in it.

THE microphone is to be employed in "the spirit circle," so a spiritualistic contemporary tells us, and further adds *naively*, "It is well known that many spirits come and go at different circles without any apparent purpose. Who knows but that they may speak to us all the time, though the sound never reaches our ears for want of power enough to make it so?" We will not attempt to parse that remarkable sentence, but we can detect sufficient meaning in it to induce us to hold up our hands in horror at the prospect of the impudent impositions in store for the credulous. If there are people in the world who could be taken in by table-rapping, what may we not expect from a judicious and subtle use of the microphone? Science is said to be the ally of truth, but it seems to us it is quite as often the confederate of falsehood.

ONCE more there comes upon us the familiar announcement, "Sadler's Wells Theatre for sale." Times have changed, indeed, since Mr. Phelps made the little house in Islington a name and a power in the English dramatic world. It has passed through many changes. At one time it was given up to ambitious amateurs, and in a single week we have known a company of these aspiring histrions play *Othello*, *King John*, *Venice Preserved*, *Ruy Blas*, and *East Lynne*. It was on one of the programmes of this stupendous company, by the way, that we saw the announcement, "*King John*," an historical drama by Mr. W. Shakespeare." It was explained that this was entirely due to the extreme courtesy of the printer, who thought that when every one else was dubbed "Mr.," it was hard upon the "divine Williams" to go without that respectable prefix, but the explanation was not considered altogether satisfactory. Subsequently to this meteoric flash of dramatic talent, Sadler's Wells ran the risk of being turned into a wash-house and baths. It has already, we believe, been metamorphosed into a rink, and heaven knows what further kaleidoscopic changes may be in store for it. It is not likely that the new lessee, who takes an unexpired lease of thirty-three years, at a rent of £300 a year, will revive the theatrical reputation of the house. Experience has shown too plainly that the drama will not flourish in Islington. A dissenting "temple" for some popular Boanerges will probably be the fate of Sadler's Wells—a hard fate after 113 years of more or less constant devotion to the drama! But Hamlet has supplied its epitaph—"To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

THE success (financially) of Mr. Tennyson's "Ballad of the Fleet" has inspired other poets with a desire to emulate the Laureate in that branch of poetic composition. We do not know whether the *Civil Service Review* pays Mr. Emra Holmes on the same high scale as the *Nineteenth Century* paid Mr. Tennyson, but no one who reads the following stanzas from Mr. Holmes's ballad "The Gallant Men of Fowey" in the last issue of the *Civil Service Review* will deny that nothing short of the Laureate's tariff of remuneration would be adequate compensation either to Mr. Holmes or his readers—

Her lord was absent far away, the fair heroic lady
Knew her men were bold and fearless, true gold without alloy;
At their head she drove them forth from sunlit tower and shady,
Back to their ships they sent them, the gallant men of Fowey.

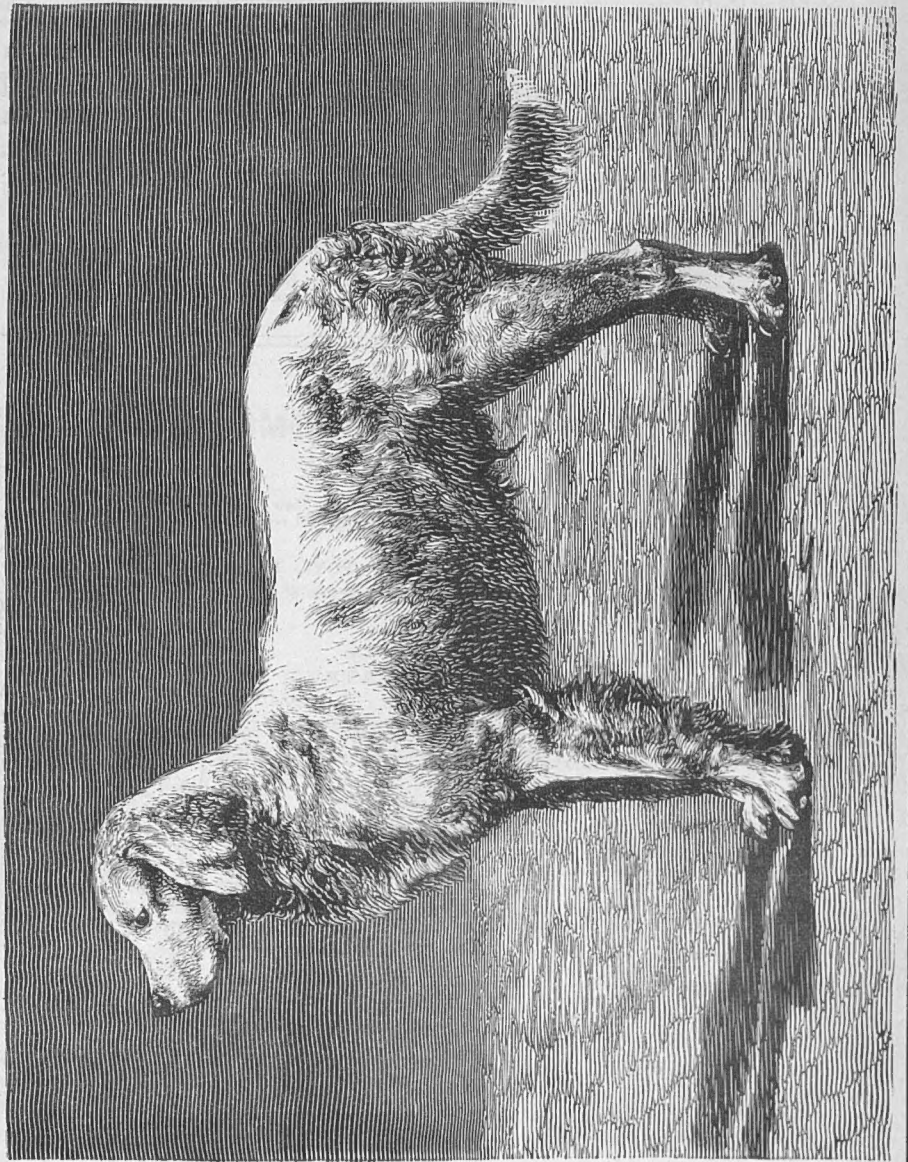
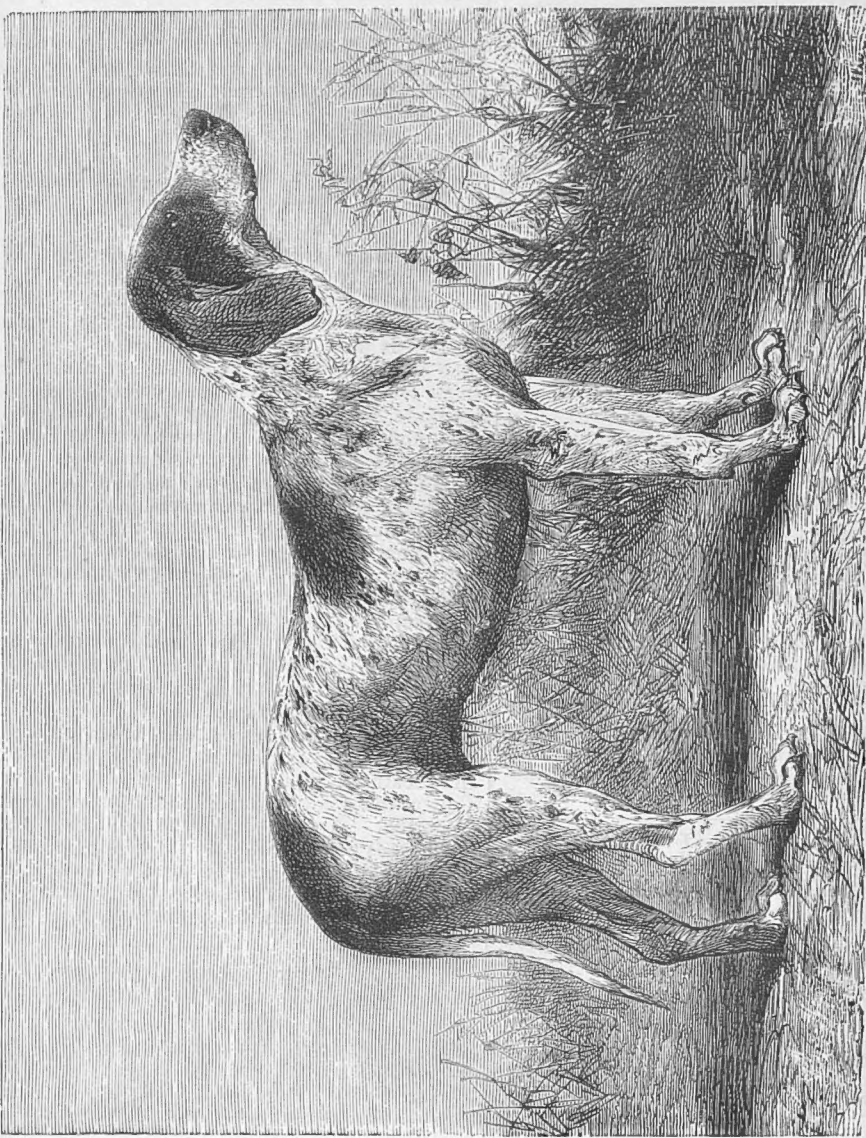
On the battle-field of Cressy, Sir John Treffry was knighted;
He bears upon his azure shield the fleur-de-lis of France;
But if to a fair sion of that house were I united,
She her ancestress resembled, I would all else let chance.

M. OFFENBACH has at last suffered himself to be treated as so many of his operas have been: *vide licet*—he has become Anglicised. It is not, however, in perfidious Albion that he has undergone the process. He has preferred the shores of "green Co-lumbia" as the scene of the doubtless painful operation. "He has in the short space of three months," says the *Constitutionnel*, "mastered the English language and inured himself to the English diet." One looks with trembling delight for details of this remarkable Anglicisation, and we find that when M. Offenbach was leaving America, he actually repeated twice both verbally and in writing the words "Farewell to the land of hospitality! Farewell! farewell!" That is the only proof of his rapid mastery of the English language vouchsafed us, but it is quite sufficient to show that M. Offenbach is now quite capable of adapting his own pieces for the English stage. In order to attain this proficiency in our language, M. Offenbach devoted himself with commendable assiduity to a course of English viands. "He lived entirely," says the *Constitutionnel*, "on sandwiches, whiskey, ale, and dumplings" (*sic*). After this may we not enthusiastically hail M. Offenbach as a fellow-countryman?

FARMERS and anti-game-law agitators have long held very strong views upon the destructiveness of rabbits. It is not only the crops, however, which suffer from this destructiveness of the rabbit. A provincial journal informed its readers the other day that "twenty dogs belonging to a pack of beagles, the property of Myles Kennedy, Esq., of Stone Cross, Ulverstone, have been destroyed owing to a sudden and violent outbreak of rabbits." Who will call the coneys "a feeble folk" after that?

A SCOTCHMAN lost his wife the other day at the Paris Exhibition. After searching in vain for her he rushed frantically to the nearest police-station. Within a short time the police had brought the missing halves together. There was a touching scene when they met, and so deeply was the canny Scot affected that he presented the Commissary of the police with two Bank of England notes for £20 each, to be distributed as the commissary thought fit. The general impression among the Frenchmen who witnessed the scene was that a man who would pay a thousand francs for the recovery of his wife must be a maniac. But another canny Scot who was also there, probably came nearer the mark when he exclaimed to a companion, "Eh, mon! she maun hae siller of her ain!"

(Continued on page 482)



CATCH.
SULTAN.

A KENNEL QUARTETTE.

IRANGER.
MURPHY and BELLA.

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MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THE three concluding performances at Her Majesty's Opera occurred too late for notice in our issue of last week, but they deserve a few words of comment. In *Le Nozze di Figaro* Madame Pappenheim undertook the rôle of the Countess Almaviva, and it is due to her to say that both dramatically and vocally she proved herself an able exponent of the part. Her acting was ladylike, and she sang the beautiful air, "Dove sono?"—in which Rosina mourns over the change of Almaviva's manner towards her,—with tone, pathos, and finished vocalisation. Madame Trebelli made her customary success as Cherubino, and Madame Crosmont as Susanna, acted with vivacity and intelligence. There is still much room for improvement in her scale singing, but she has made considerable progress as a vocalist since her début last winter in *The Châlet*, and with study and practice she may be expected to acquire the requisite finish of style. Signor Galassi was an excellent Figaro, and Signor Del Puente, as the Count, sang and acted in his usual artistic style. The minor characters were well represented, and the popular overture was admirably played. The effect of the performance would have been enhanced had the conductor (Sir Michael Costa) been less disposed to drag the time. We must also object to the double cadenza at the close of the duet "Sull' aria." Mozart did not intend that a cadenza should be introduced; the dramatic sentiment is opposed to the introduction of a cadenza, and that which was introduced at Her Majesty's Opera was not in the style of Mozart. The opera was much better performed under the direction of Mr. Carl Rosa at the Princess's Theatre, and the duet, when sung by Madame Rose Hersee and Mdlle. Torriani without a cadenza or interruption of any kind, was always enthusiastically encored. It is said that the cadenza of which we complain was written by the late Sir H. K. Bishop. That would be no excuse for its preservation, for few men did more in the way of profanation of great works than that illustrious English composer. Whether written by Bishop or by Costa, it is an impertinent excrement, which a conductor of refined taste ought not to sanction.

Carmen was repeated for the last time yesterday week, and attracted one of the largest audiences of the season, including T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family. Few operas have more rapidly become popular than this last work of M. Georges Bizet, and it is to be regretted that he did not live long enough to enjoy the fame which has attended his delightful opera. On selfish grounds we must also regret that his untimely death took from us a composer who possessed the rare gift of genius, and from whom had belived a few years longer, we might have obtained a number of bright and distinctly original works, combining brilliant fancies with sound workmanship. This (the ninth) performance of *Carmen* was ostensibly given for the "benefit of Mdlle. Minnie Hauk," who has won golden opinions by her piquant and characteristic impersonation of the title-character. On this occasion she excelled herself, and her picturesque impersonation was warmly applauded. We have heard the "Habanera" better sung by Madame Trebelli, and we could name many singers who would execute the floral passages better than Mdlle. Hauk, but we should find it difficult to name more than a very few artists so capable of realising the ideal of *Carmen*. Mdlle. Hauk's saucy coquetry and exuberant gaiety in the earlier scenes were well contrasted with her sombreness in the last act. It is in this portion of the opera that she shines to the greatest advantage. Opinions are divided as to the merits of her decidedly realistic representation of the heroine during the first three acts of the opera, but there can be no reason for doubt as to the dramatic genius which she displays in the terrible final scene with her slighted lover, José. She knows that he will kill her unless she will promise to return his affection; yet she does not condescend to temporise or to deceive. She throws at his feet the ring which he had given her, and tells him that she loves his rival, and knows she must die for saying so; yet she neither raves nor gesticulates, but speaks with the compressed and intense emotion of true heroism. *Carmen* would be well worth seeing, if it were only for Mdlle. Minnie Hauk's splendid acting in the last act of the opera. Signor Runcio, who, since Signor Campanini's departure, has undertaken the rôle of José, is scarcely equal to the exigencies of the part, so far as physical power and dramatic intensity are concerned, but his impersonation was highly creditable to his intelligence and taste. The other characters were performed, to use the odd phrase of a daily contemporary, "otherwise also as before."

On the closing night of the season, which was set apart for the (ostensible) "benefit of Madame Etelka Gerster," *Lucia di Lammermoor* was repeated, and was followed by the second act of *Dinorah*. It is scarcely necessary to say that Madame Gerster sings the music of Lucia in admirable style. On Saturday last she fully maintained the reputation which she has this season secured, and the improvement in her vocalisation was specially remarkable in the opening aria, "Regnavar nel silenzio." In the florid music of the "mad scene," she was equally successful, and her efforts were warmly and deservedly applauded. In the selection from *Dinorah*, she was not so successful. Her ascending scales were not distinctly articulated, her final shake was sung in two or three novel sounds, and her singing was cold and mechanical. To attempt so trying a task as the Shadow Song, "Ombra leggiera," immediately after singing through so trying an opera as *Lucia* was unwise, and although it is reasonable to suppose that Madame Gerster may hereafter succeed better in this scene when she undertakes to sing the complete rôle of Dinorah without any previous vocal exertion, it is a matter for regret that she should risk her reputation by imprudence. With so finished a vocalist as Mdlle. Marimon in the company, Her Majesty's Opera will have no difficulty in finding an almost faultless Dinorah, but should Madame Gerster undertake that character in its entirety she should be advised not to imitate the example of Mdlle. Marimon in the matter of costume. On Saturday last—following the absurd example set by Mdlle. Marimon—she wore a gorgeous costume, apparently of white lace and satin, richly trimmed with gold lace, and flounced in fashionable style. She should remember that Dinorah is a poor peasant girl, whose entire wealth is represented by the coral necklace given to her by Hoël; that she has no home nor habitation, but dwells in forests and caverns, with no companion but her faithful goat. Madame Marie Cabel (the original Dinorah), Mmes. Carvalho, Louisa Pyne, Di Murska, and Adeline Patti always dressed the character in humblest peasant fashion, and the gorgeous attire worn by Mdlle. Marimon and (on Saturday last) by Madame Gerster is not only inappropriate, but positively ridiculous, considering the story of the opera, and the words spoken by Dinorah herself. The performance concluded with the National Anthem, the solos sung by Madame Gerster in good style, despite her obvious fatigue. A call was made for Sir Michael Costa, who was greeted with the warmth of reception due to his great ability and long services, and then came a call for Mr. Mapleson, who was enthusiastically cheered.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts will commence this evening, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, assisted by Mr. Alfred Cellier, *vice* M. Métra, who is not yet sufficiently well in health to undertake the duty of assistant conductor. The

artists announced to appear this evening are Mdlle. Alma Verdi (her first appearance in England), Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Howard Reynolds. In addition to the splendid band of last year, comprising eighty performers, led by Mr. Alfred Burnett, the band of the Coldstream Guards, under Mr. Fred. Godfrey, will assist. On Monday next (Bank Holiday) Madame Rose Hersee and Madame Antoinette Sterling will sing. Beethoven's Symphony in C, No. 1, will be played, and the following seven symphonies will be given on the remaining Mondays of the eight weeks' season. Report speaks highly of the decorative arrangements, and there seems every reason to expect that the liberality and enterprising spirit displayed by Messrs. A. and S. Gatti will be rewarded with abundant success.

Mr. W. Grist, of the Crystal Palace, has just completed the libretto of a cantata on an eminently national historic subject,—*Hereward the Wake*. An endeavour has been made to impart local and historic colour by a free use of the Saxon alliterative style, modified to suit modern rhythms and modes of thought. The music will be composed by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, one of the most capable amongst the young composers on whom the hopes of English musicians are built. We may expect to hear the cantata ere long, and it will be awaited with much interest.

Madame Thea Sanderini and Mr. Snazelle are singing at the evening concerts at the Westminster Aquarium.

On Saturday night the students of the Royal Academy of Music gave their annual entertainment at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, when Mdlle. Albani presented the medals. The students who took part in the concert were the pupils of Signori Schira, Lablache, Traventi, &c., G. Garcia, Herren Pollitzer, and Henseler, and Dr. Wylde. In the concert the performers (of whom there were fourteen) were all professional students. Dr. Wylde and Signor Garcia acted as conductors. The performers were repeatedly applauded. The prizes were then handed by Mdlle. Albani, to the several fortunate recipients, amidst the hearty plaudits of the audience. A cordial vote of thanks was then passed to Mdlle. Albani.

THE DRAMA.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.

A PERFORMANCE took place at the Royal Aquarium Theatre last week under the especial patronage of Sir Garnet Wolseley, K.G. It was for the benefit of an excellent institution in Hampstead, devoted to the education and maintenance of the orphans of military men. A most fashionable and distinguished audience was assembled on the occasion. The first piece performed was W. S. Gilbert's comedy *On Guard*, in which Mr. W. H. Herbert sustained the part which he has formerly played, and Mr. Markby the other leading part. Both the gentlemen acted in a finished and effective style. The new war song "England's Clarion" was to have been sung by Mr. Federici, and it would doubtless have evoked the customary tribute of effusive patriotism which is lavished upon such songs just at present. Mr. Federici, however, did not sing it, so that the martial ardour of the audience was baffled in this direction. The performances concluded with *Trial by Jury*. Mr. Fawn played the Judge in excellent style; Miss Crofton was a charming Bride; Mr. Deane played the Solicitor; Mr. Federici was the Counsel for the Plaintiff, and sang his music well. The choruses were good, and the little opera went off with a great deal of effect. We are glad to learn that the performance was a financial success.

DRAMATIC AMATEURS.

It may have been observed that whenever an amateur dramatic performance is noticed by the theatrical press it is almost invariably condemned. As a great many of these performances are worthy of considerable praise, there must be some reason for this almost universal condemnation, and we may assume that the organs of the profession look upon the aspirants to histrionic fame with a jealous and mistrustful eye. This is to be regretted, as it is from the plucky rank and file of this volunteer contingent that the very army supporting these organs is recruited. 'Twas ever thus! Private Brown, promoted from the ranks, ever endeavoured to keep his old "chum" Jones a common "Tommy Atkins;" and the profession through their mouthpiece would wish this corps disbanded. But there are occasions when it is next to impossible for the critic of any paper to be present, *i.e.*, occasions when the performance—known to be shady by the amateurs themselves—is purposely kept dark. It is of one of these performances we would write. Prowling around a neighbourhood Dickens would have termed "shy," we stumbled across a building, to judge from various announcements, principally devoted to "long quadrille nights," whatever that may mean. The setting sun illumined the posters, and we noticed that the announcement for this particular evening was a performance by a company of "selected amateurs," the play underlined being *Othello*. Oh, what a chance was missed by that man who *loves* the amateur! We paid our money and plunged into that dismal hall. We heard upon taking our seat a small voice, proceeding from a small man upon a small stage, announce the fact that "the performance is for the benefit of Brother Smith, wot broke 'is leg, and as the characters is all took by brothers an' friends, I 'opes as you'll look over any shortcomings." Heavens, the band! But, no matter! Then it was delicious to hear the Roderigo—"What O! 'Ouse there, 'ouse! What O! Brabantio!" We waited for "Way O, Cully!" but it came not. The Roderigo we afterwards discovered was the pot-boy from a neighbouring hostelry. The Othello lacked teeth, and spoke his lines as though in constant dread lest he should lose an imaginary mouthful of water. He wore brown gloves and short sleeves to his robe, thus showing four or five inches of British arm ere the eye could reach the Moorish fist. Iago was a demon of the deepest dye. Can we say more? Cassio appeared to enjoy himself immensely, and it was patent that in his drunken scene the obfuscation was not all imaginary: his wig fell off twice, and it was most refreshing to hear him ask Iago to "look after my jasey." The said "jasey" he coolly replaced each time as if nothing had happened. Brabantio, we ultimately discovered, was a dresser from an East-end theatre, therefore it will not excite wonderment when we say that as an actor he carried off the palm, thus proving the truth of the proverb, "Evil communications," &c. The Duke of Venice struggled manfully with his words, but finally addressed Othello as follows:—"Now, good Othello, wot ha' yer got to say for yourself?" Otherwise the Duke was good. Desdemona was—amateur ladies are always beyond criticism; but Emilia might have endeavoured to pronounce handkerchief somewhat nearer the spelling than "an'kercher." The audience cheered the performance to the echo. The man who loves the amateur will clearly see that he has missed a chance, for this, though necessarily a short account, is a truthful one of the performance of *Othello* by a company of "selected amateurs," for the benefit of one Smith, "wot 'ad broke 'is leg."

On Tuesday night Miss Emily Fowler gave a grand ball at the Royalty Theatre to the members of her late company and their friends. The stage was tented over, and the whole affair con-

ducted in the best possible taste. Miss Fowler bade a most affectionate farewell to her company.

The works in connection with the rebuilding of the Elephant and Castle Theatre have been commenced, from designs furnished by the late Mr. Robinson, architect to the Lord Chamberlain, who died so suddenly last week. The building is to be of a much more substantial character than that which it will replace, and it will also be provided with greatly improved facilities for entrance and exit. The estimated cost of the new building is about £8,000. It is being built for Mr. W. Hosfort, the owner, the lessee being Mr. Albury, who also was the lessee of the building which was destroyed.

The Park Theatre will reopen this (Saturday) evening with a new sensational drama, by G. L. Gordon, Esq., author of *Auld Lang Syne*, &c., entitled, *The Treaty of Peace*.

Mr. Howard Paul, assisted by Miss Letty Lind and Miss Florence Temple, will give entertainments at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday and Monday next (Bank Holiday).

The Globe Theatre will be opened by Mr. Alexander Henderson on the 31st of the present month. *Les Cloches de Corneville*, with extended chorus, will be the chief attraction, and a new opera bouffe by Gaston Serpette, composer of *La Branche Cassée*, and Farnie is in preparation. The new engagements made by Mr. Henderson include Mr. James Fernandez, Mr. Fred. Mervin, who has been so successful in *Faustina* at the Alhambra, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Carton, and Miss Emma Chambers.

Miss Annie Baldwin is about to take a company on a provincial tour. Miss Baldwin has been seldom seen on the stage since her successful visit to India. She will play during her tour the title rôle in *Jane Seton*, a play which has been specially written for her. She will also play Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and Lady Macbeth in the immortal tragedy of Shakspeare.

Mr. H. Williamson's clever comedy, produced at the Globe Theatre by Mr. Lionel Brough some few months ago, will shortly be taken round the provinces by an efficient company.

After Mr. Sothern's farewell appearance in *Dundreary* the regular winter season at the Haymarket will be opened with a new comedy by the popular Henry J. Byron. Mr. Terriss has been engaged to sustain a leading part.

Mr. John Hare has contradicted the various rumours concerning the projected change of management at the Court Theatre. It is a fact, however, that Mr. Hare was about to relinquish the reins of management, and it is still asserted that Mr. Charles Kelly was in treaty with him for the theatre.

It is rumoured that Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft contemplate retiring from the management of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. We trust this rumour is without foundation, because, although theatrical management is a pursuit beset with anxieties, the Prince of Wales's Theatre has lately arrived at a position of security which would make it seem a pity if the name of Marie Wilton were to be removed from the top of the bill.

Mr. James G. Taylor, late of the Gaiety Company, will sail for New York on Thursday. Another of our best comedians off to America!

Mr. Robert Sotlar, the able and experienced stage manager of the Gaiety Theatre has returned from the seaside to resume his arduous duties.

A number of English opera-bouffe artistes have been engaged for Mrs. Oates's American company. They will sail on Thursday next.

Olivia goes to the provinces shortly. Miss Marion Terry will play the title-part so admirably created by her sister, Mrs. Charles Kelly (Miss Ellen Terry). Mr. Charles Calvert will play Dr. Primrose, and Mr. Wenman, Burchell.

Miss Rose Eyttinge will return to America next week. We much regret that she did not give English playgoers an opportunity of seeing her in some other part than that of Nancy in *Oliver Twist*. She is an actress of great gifts, and her performance of the heroine in *Rose Michel* is said to be exceedingly fine. It is to be feared that in London we do not receive American actors so cordially as they receive our players who go to the "States."

It is said that Joaquin Meller's play, *The Danites*, will be produced at the Lyceum sometime soon.

Miss Lydia Thompson will appear in comedy at the Folly early in September. Mr. Lionel Brough has been re-engaged to support her.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL lectured on "Modern Extravagance" at the Pavilion, Buxton, on the 25th inst. to a crowded audience. The Duke of Devonshire, K.G., presided supported by Captain Arkwright, M.P., the vicar of Buxton, &c., &c. After paying expenses, Miss Faithfull presented the Devonshire Hospital with a cheque for £20.

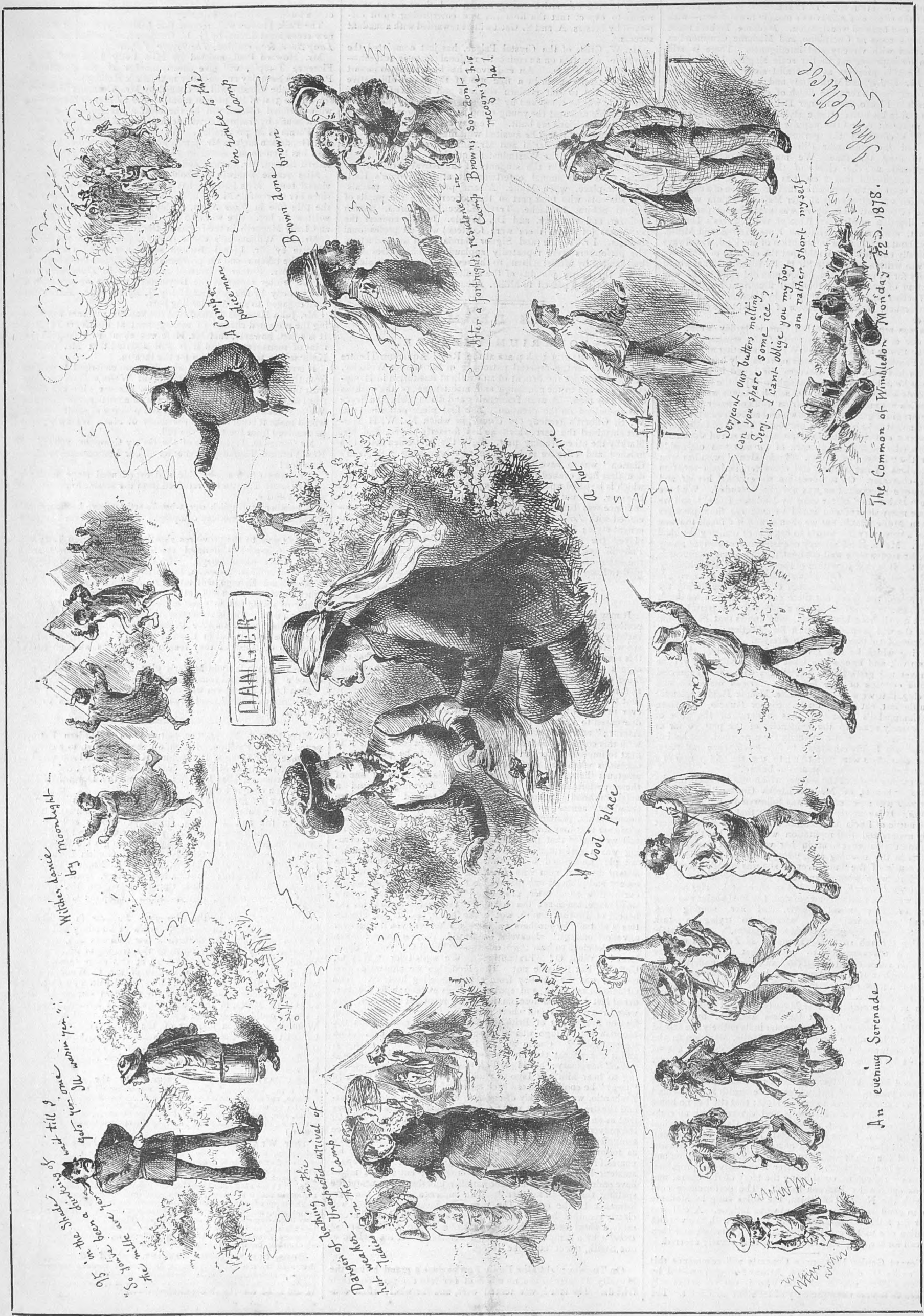
POLO AT HURLINGHAM.—The polo season at Hurlingham was brought to a conclusion on Saturday by a well-contested match between the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards and the 16th Lancers. The Lancers eventually won a spirited and hard fought contest by two goals to one. The following were the sides:—2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards: Lord A. Gordon Lennox, Mr. J. Foster, Mr. H. P. Mildmay, Mr. A. L. Napier, Mr. W. S. Anderson. Umpire: Sir Charles Wolseley, Bart. The 16th Lancers: Mr. J. L. Howard, Captain Davidson, Mr. F. Blair, Mr. C. R. Maudslay, Mr. E. Baird. Umpire: Captain Hon. C. C. Cavendish.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *American Register* (a well-known Parisian journal), in an amusing sketch of a literary and artistic *réunion* given by Mr. Sothern a few Sundays ago, speaks in enthusiastically eulogistic terms of the singing of Mr. Frederick Wood. He says:—"By the way, at this same 'reception' I was immensely struck by the voice of Mr. F. Wood, a tenor, who sang 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses' with a purity of tone and sympathetic expression that I never heard surpassed. Sims Reeves or Mario, in their best days, might have equalled, but certainly could never have gone beyond, this vocal treat. Mr. Wood is, or was, a member of the Gaiety Theatre, and is a balladist *pure et simple*. As a dramatic or operatic singer he might not succeed, but he ought to take an immediate and high position in the concert-room as a peerless singer of English ballads."

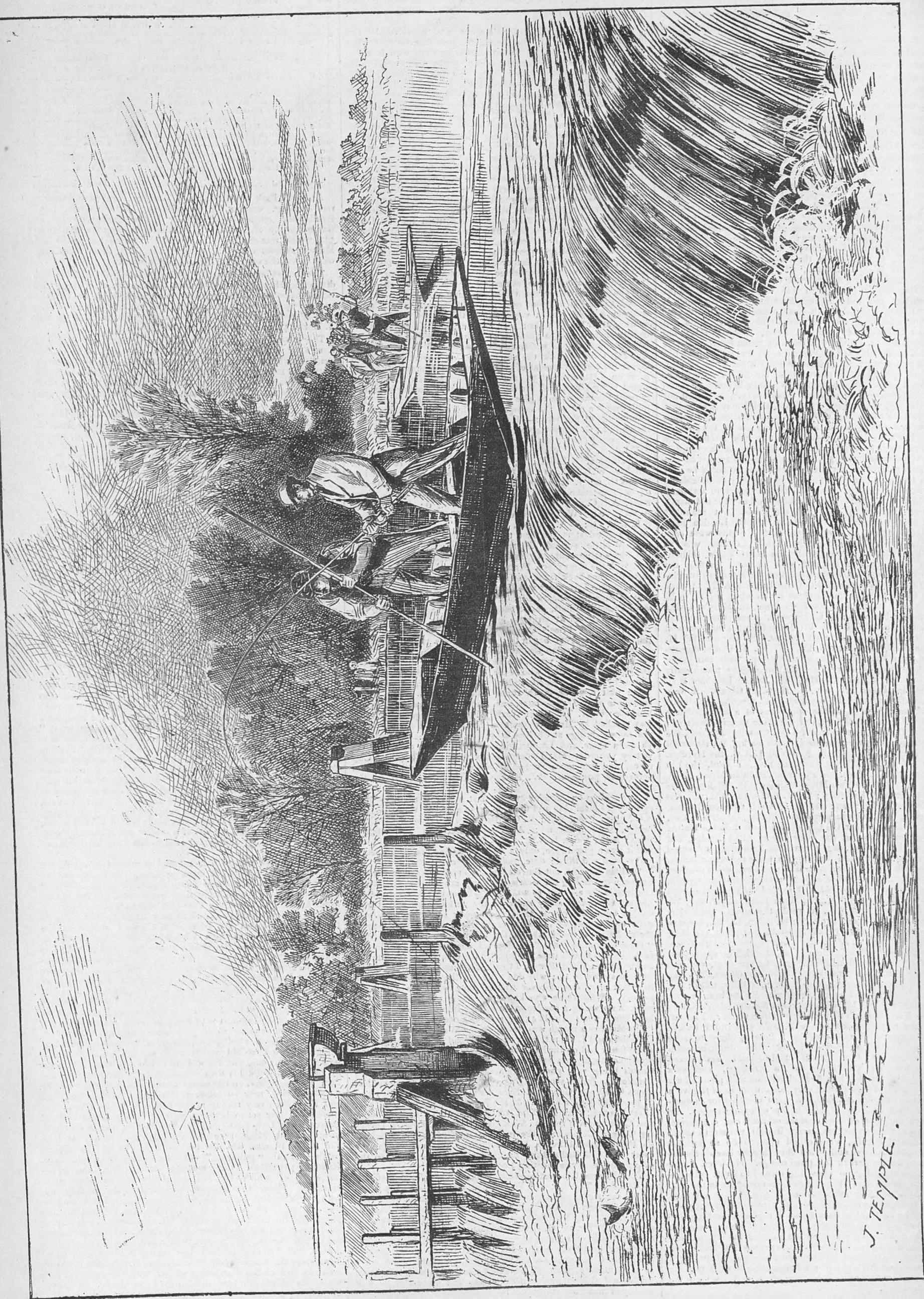
SEA-BATHERS and all exposed to the sun and dust should use ROWLANDS' KALYDOR for dispersing all tan, sunburn, and freckles, and effectually beautifying the complexion; ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, for preserving the hair and obviating all the baneful effects of salt water, sun, and dust on it; and ROWLANDS' ODONTO, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums. Ask any Chemist for Rowlands' articles.—[Advrt.]

HOT WEATHER.—To all persons leaving home for change, relaxation, &c., or for those who from any cause are fatigued, weary, or worn-out, or any whose duties require them to undergo mental or unnatural excitement or strain, errors of eating or drinking, &c., use Eno's Fruit Salt. It is health-giving, pleasant, cooling, refreshing, invigorating, and invaluable. "I have used your Fruit Salt for many years, and have verified the statement that it is not only refreshing and invigorating, but also invaluable as giving speedy relief in cases of heartburn, sourness of the stomach, and constipation and its great evils. The thanks of the public are due to you for your unceasing efforts to relieve suffering humanity. Long may you live to be a blessing to the world."—B. Hurst, Ph.D., Vicar of Collierly, St. Thomas Vicarage, Armfield Plain, Lintz Green, Durham, March, 1878.—Sold by all chemists, price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.—[Advrt.]

BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects are destroyed by KEATING'S INSECT DESTROYING POWDER, which is quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating Beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. Sold in tins 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by all Chemists.—[Advrt.]



REMINISCENCES OF THE WIMBLEDON CAMP OF 1878.



TROUT FISHING ON THE THAMES.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

No less than four meetings were set for decision in the metropolitan district on Saturday afternoon; but reminiscences of a pleasing past caused me to forsake those with high-sounding titles, and to hie me away to Reedless, the pretty and picturesque seat of Mr. Farnell Watson, M.P., at Isleworth, where the committee of the local Reading Rooms held their sixth annual gathering. Some splendid entries had been obtained considering the attractions elsewhere, the open handicaps which, with two exceptions, were masterpieces, being entrusted to Mr. Thomas Griffith, whilst Mr. Ladell officiated in the local events. In the Local Quarter of a Mile, a veteran athlete, G. Dyson, who has been sojourning in the colonies, proved an easy victor with 20 yards, and then W. C. Jackson, of Oxford University, landed the 150 Yards Handicap, open to Isleworth only. Seven faced the starter for the Open Half Mile Handicap, which was productive of a magnificent finish, the virtual scratch man, R. Bolton, of Wimbledon F.C., 25 yards, just landing on the post by a yard from G. D. Michie, late Kensington School, 50 yards, with H. Williams, Fitzroy C.C., 80 yards, third, only beaten a foot. F. E. Smith, Buffaloes F.C., 400 yards, landed the Two Miles easily, as did W. Hancock, jun., Bayswater Rangers F.C., 160 yards, a Walking Handicap over the same distance. Some splendid finishes characterised the running in the 120 Yards Open Handicap, and after two well-contested trial heats, W. C. Flegg, Temple B.C., 6 yards, won the final by three-quarters of a yard, from W. H. Dobson, St. John's C.C., 8½ yards, who was second barely a foot in front of S. N. Hornidge, South London Harriers, 12 yards, who was voted thrown in by the know-nothings, and started a great favourite. H. E. Kearsley, of the Royal District Bicycle Club, from scratch secured the Two Miles Bicycle Handicap after a splendid race with A. Neate, International College, 114 yards; F. Fryer, Moulsey B.C., 120 yards, third, and M. Pritchard, Druids, 85 yards, fourth. Before the start Kearsley objected to Fryer (he did the same thing last year) as a professional, but declined to carry it out when he won, although of course had he proved that, the fourth man would have taken a prize. This objecting to a man because he is too good in the opinion of the objector, who, however, is proved out of his reckoning, is becoming a nuisance, and I may here remind my readers that competing wilfully with a professional, knowing him to be such, brings down the *quasi* amateur to the level of the pro. It was a piece of absurdity starting half a score in one heat for the Hurdles, which fell to W. Andrews, of the Clapton Beagles, 15 yards, and such good form did he display that he was made a strong favourite for the Steeplechase, in which he had the limit, 110 yards, but when he was looking very formidable he came down a cropper, and the prize eventually fell to a veteran athlete, familiarly known in the neighbourhood as "the old man," viz., Frank Richardson, who had 100 yards. At Stamford Bridge a most successful meeting was held by the London Joint Stock Banks, when no fewer than twelve events were contested. A. W. Smith, London and County, was in good form, running away with the 120 Yards Handicap off the 3½ yards mark, and with 12 yards landing the Quarter. G. P. Veale, with 5sec start, won the Handicap Steeplechase with ease; W. Stevenson, of the London A.C., 24 yards start, the Open Mile; a similar event for members falling to B. Day, 70 yards. In the Hurdles J. E. Lane, St. Mary's, owing 8 yards, proved best man; A. G. Hopkins, 20sec, beat fourteen others for the Open Walk; C. W. Lelylett ought to have won the Quarter, being only beaten six inches by Smith; and W. H. Young the Broad Jump, at 18ft 3in. E. W. P. Cambridge secured the Open Four Miles Bicycle Handicap, with 180 yards' start, and is likely to carry the I Zingari colours prominently again this season; a Two Miles Handicap, for the Lombard B.C. only, falling to the scratch man, J. Horn, of Glyn's. A very fashionable affair was the Twickenham R.C. meeting, but this is all that can be said for it, as the sport was of a very mediocre character. Adam won the Quarter for those under seventeen; J. L. Milner that for members; and J. M. Crossley, 25 yards, the one for strangers starting from the 35 yards mark. W. Rummell won the Football Kicking; S. F. Weall, L.A.C., the Hurdles, owing 4 yards; H. H. Massey, Lausanne F.C., 1 yard, the 120 Yards Handicap; F. Cancellor, 45 yards, the Open Mile; E. P. Stearnes, 180 yards, the Two Miles Walking; H. Blakeney the 220 Yards Members' Handicap; L. W. Long, 10 yards, the 100 Yards Members' Handicap; and G. Pescod, Clapton Beagles, 75 yards start, the Open Steeplechase, O'Malley, the scratch man, injuring his knee. Under the title of the West London United Sports a meeting was held the same day at Lillie Bridge, but from information received, as the "criminal investigators" would say, I do not consider them worthy of a place in these columns. At Birmingham Harry Crossley was in rare form, as he took the 100 Yards Scratch Race and the Quarter Handicap from scratch, G. B. Peyton, Sutton Coldfield, 14½, landed the Open 220 Yards Handicap; G. Fowler, B.A.C., the Wide Jump, at 20ft 3in; W. Tattersfield, Leamington B.C., 40 yards, the Bicycle Handicap; L. Ratcliffe the High Jump at 5ft 4in; H. Allan, L.A.C., owed 16 yards, the Hurdles; T. P. Perks, Lichfield, 115 yards, the Mile, and C. Hazen-Wood, L.A.C., the 1,000 Yards Scratch Race, becoming possessor of the Challenge Cup, of which he was holder. W. T. Perry, of the Moseley Harriers, 65 sec start, won the Steeplechase, distance two miles; H. M. Oliver, Moseley Harriers, 15sec start, second; and J. Gibb, scratch, third; but the last-named did not show his true form. By the bye, I notice that Hazen-Wood and H. Allan appear as Spartan Harriers, why not L.A.C. I say, the club they are best known under? I forgot, however, the moving spirit of the B.A.C. was, and I believe is now, a Spartan. A nice muddle I hear is likely to arise out of the Tottenham House Sports. The disqualification of the winner of the Hurdle and Sprint has placed the committee on the horns of a dilemma, and as a publication, rejoicing only in a large circulation and plentiful use of the ninth letter of the alphabet only, took upon itself to give a tip whilst the affair was *sub judice* (a most uncalled-for assumption), they have accepted it, and in my opinion wrongly. In my presence, and that of two or three others I can enumerate, each and all of the competitors, except Barratt, refused to object to the *ci-devant* Nicolls, when called upon to do so by Mr. Harry Nunn, the referee, and I hold they thereby lose all chance of taking any further part in the proceedings. However, I hear the committee are going to allow the second to Croft (who has not yet been proved a pro.) and Nicolls to run again in the final heat. This is palpably an injustice. Barratt has won second prize, and through the disqualification of Nicolls first: but when they run off he may never be able to get placed perhaps, and how can the committee get out of his having already won the second prize? Dunning, second in the Hurdles, has injured himself jumping, and his medical adviser negatives his performing in any contest of that kind for some time to come. However, I shall say no more until I obtain my information of what is going to take place from the committee themselves, then I will put my spoke in the wheel.

The Market Bosworth sports on Wednesday were, as usual, a great success owing to the untiring energy of Mr. Frank Goodman, the hon. sec. F. Warren, Northampton, won the Quarter from the 30 yards mark by half a yard; Thomas Prentice, of Leicester, 6½ yards, just beat G. T. Dunning, London Rovers, 3½ yards, by a foot in the Hundred; T. W. Craven, Leicester, 120 yards, won the Mile; J. W. Gibbons, Leicester, the Hurdles, only by a foot; J. Green, Leicester, 200 yards, the Bicycle Handicap by 12 yards; so that Mr. Thomas Griffith was again in form as handicapper.

A most enjoyable afternoon's sport was provided by the Rovers' Bicycle Club. The championship at four miles for club only was won by W. R. Salaman from scratch, who is a fair average rider, as he afterwards, with 70 yards, rode second to H. L. Cortes, Wanderers', 75 yards, who beat him by 5 yards, whilst the judges placed T. Kyle, Arion B.C., 100 yards, third, only 6 inches behind Salaman—a piece of absurdity in the way of judging too palpable for me to comment on further. A Mile Handicap, open to the club, fell to P. F. Young, scratch. On Saturday the Surrey B.C. Championship was decided on the Brighton-road, the distance being 38 miles. Osborne won in 2 hours 18min; Hall, 2 hours 19min; Budd, 2 hours 22min. I am glad to see another conviction in the case of a person named William Wilkins, who was fined at Winchester for having, on the 13th instant, violated one of the city bye-laws by riding through the public thoroughfares without a bell attached to his bicycle so as to give warning to foot-passengers of his approach. Corporations and magistrates, follow the example of Winchester!

On Monday last the second annual competition for the Lords and Commons race, open to all amateur swimmers, took place in the Thames, and Mr. Horace Davenport, champion amateur swimmer (the holder), proved victorious. I was unavoidably absent, but I have been favoured by a friend with the following notes:—There were twenty-three competitors as against thirty-two last year, all of whom, according to the rules which govern this contest, were amateurs, the prizes being as follows:—A gold medal, value £5, for first prize; a gold medal, value £4, for second; a gold medal, value £3, for third; and a gold medal, value £2, for fourth prize; and six medals of £1 each, with a challenge cup value 30 guineas, which has to be won three times in succession before becoming the property of any competitor. Towards three o'clock the sky became very overcast, and just before the commencement of proceedings a violent shower of rain came on. However, at 3h 12m 35s the aspirants for the cup, the signal being given, took the water, the steamer having been laid athwart the tide so as to give all the candidates a fair start. The following is a list of the competitors, with their situations at the termination of the race:—H. Davenport (the present holder of the cup), 1; G. Fearn (second last year), 2; F. Danells, N.L.S.C., 3; G. Spong (fourth last year), 4; E. Kirkham, 5; W. J. Gillett, S.E.L.S.C., 6; J. Whittle, N.L.S.C., 7; H. Selley, S.S.C., 8; G. Bettinson, N.L.S.C., 9; F. Gant, S.L.S.C., 10; A. E. Hughes, W.L.S.C., 11; B. Phillips, E.L.S.C., 12; A. M'Bride, N.L.S.C., 13; J. Harrison, W.S.C., 14; R. Hambley, Battersea, 15; G. Huntsman, S.S.C., 16; A. France, A.S.C., 17; G. Dunmore, A.S.C., 18; W. S. Marshall, L.S.C., 19; H. Simpson, A.S.C., 20; W. G. Green, late W.C., 21; F. Jager, S.L.S.C., 22; A. Mable, S.L.S.C., 23. The men got off to a good start, the first to assume the lead being Bettinson, Whittle second, Fearn third, and Davenport fourth, the others strung out. Opposite the Hurlingham estate Davenport took the front place, Fearn being in close company, Danells some distance back third, and Gant fourth. At the Feathers at Wandsworth Davenport and Fearn were a long way ahead of the other competitors, Fearn slightly leading, while the next comers were Danells, Gillett, and Spong, all close together. For two miles a magnificent struggle ensued between Davenport and Fearn, and off Price's Candle Works they were dead level; but then Davenport began to go ahead of his rival, and by the time the West London Railway-bridge was reached he was leading him over twenty yards, the nearest of the rear division being Danells and Whittle, who were fully sixty yards to the bad. Davenport finally passed under Westminster-bridge at 28min 35sec past four, or in 1h 16min 10sec from the start; Fearn coming in second 55sec later, and Danells third 3min 40sec behind the winner. The Great Western Railway bridge at Battersea was reached by Mr. Davenport in 25min 45sec from the start, the railway-bridge at Chelsea in 42min 5sec, Vauxhall-bridge in 1h 4min 15sec, and Lambeth-bridge in 1h 10min 5sec. By his victory yesterday Mr. Davenport has won the Challenge Cup twice, and one more successful encounter will make him its permanent possessor. W. Beckwith officiated as pilot for the winner.

At Surbiton on Monday evening last a 500 Yards Handicap, open to the local club and the Ilex, was swam, A. Colledge, Ilex S.C., 45sec, being first; E. Charrington, 1st Trinity B.C., Cambridge, scratch, second; A. Ripley, Surbiton S.C., 83sec, third; B. L. Jones, L.A.C., 23sec, fourth. Seven others started, and it was a grand race, only a foot separating first and second and second and third; time, 7min 34 1-5sec.

William Barnett, not Barrett, as I was made to say last week, has been continuing his wearisome tramp around the St. Helena Gardens in the attempt to walk 3,000½ miles in 3,000 consecutive hours. Of course many sneer at the performance and throw doubts upon the proceedings, even going so far as to impute guile on the part of the referees, to whom my reply, as one of these officials, is simply that of the earthenware pot to the fruit, "How we apples swim" Barnett, I can assure my readers, is faithfully, up to this time, performing the task he has set himself, and is far too straightforward to allow any unfair dealings. The ground is open to all; why don't the unbelievers come down and try what they can discover wrong? they will have a fruitless journey. What those who know something about these things think is shown by a challenge emanating from the Gale party to back him at 2 to 1 to walk 4,000½ miles in 4,000 quarters, *verb. sap.*

On Monday a match was rowed on the Wear for £50 between C. Wilkie and J. Elliott, both of Sunderland, and although 6 to 4 was freely laid on the latter he was never in it. The Barnes and Mortlake Regatta on Saturday last was but of local interest, the entries being very poor. Twickenham in the final beat Grove Park for the Junior-senior Eights; London won the Coxswainless Fours Challenge Cup; W. Eyre the Junior-senior Sculls; and J. Jones the Junior Sculls. In the Junior Fours Grove Park beat West London. At Bradford, on Wednesday, I hear by wire, that Chillingworth won the Senior Sculls; G. W. Powers, Downing College, Cambridge, the Juniors; Bedford Grammar School the Public School Fours, St. Neot's, the Junior Fours (a row over); and Old Bedfordians the Senior Fours, the latter, to the surprise of every one, beating London R.C.

Yorkshire and Gloucestershire, for Emmett's benefit, at Sheffield, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, comes first on my list of cricket this week, and will have to be handed down as one of the principal doings of the year, owing to the grand batting of Ulyett and Lockwood for Yorkshire against such batting as Gloucestershire can provide. Mr. W. G. Grace made 62 and 35, but the rest of the team did little or nothing against Ulyett and Bates, who did right good service with the leather, the analysis in their second innings being Ulyett 20 overs, 4 maidens, 32 runs, 3 wickets; Bates, overs 19.3, maidens 6, runs 38, wickets 7; and this with the three Graces and Gilbert against them. The full score I think well worthy of insertion, and give it:—

YORKSHIRE.

1st inn.	2nd inn.
L. Hall, c Gilbert, b Miles	c Robinson, b Midwinter 13
G. Ulyett c Bush b Miles	b Midwinter
E. Lockwood b Miles	c Gilbert b W. Grace
Mr. E. T. Hirst c W. G. Grace b Gilbert	c Bush b W. G. Grace
W. Bates thrown out Moline	3 not out
S. Haggas b Gilbert	b G. F. Grace
T. Emmett c Midwinter b Gilbert	b G. F. Grace
Mr. I. H. Bottomley, c W. G. Grace, b	15 b G. F. Grace
Miles	29 st Bush b G. W. Grace ..
T. Armitage not out	11 c Bush b W. G. Grace ..
A. Hill b W. G. Grace	0 b G. F. Grace
J. Hunter c Miles b W. G. Grace	2 b G. F. Grace
Byes 3, 1-b 1, w 6	10 Byes 11, 1-b 2, w 10 ..
Total	158 Total

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Mr. G. F. Grace b Bates	8 c and b Bates
Mr. W. R. Gilbert, b Bates	10 b Bates
Mr. C. Haynes, b Bates	19 b Bates
Mr. E. R. Moline, b Bates	28 b Ulyett
W. Midwinter, b Emmett	0 c and b Bates
Mr. W. G. Grace, c and b Emmett	6 b Bates
Mr. E. M. Grace, b Ulyett	16 1 b w, b Ulyett
Mr. J. Cranston, b Ulyett	0 b Ulyett
Mr. J. A. Bush, b Hill	4 c Hirst, b Bates
Mr. A. Robertson, not out	34 not out
Mr. R. F. Miles, b Ulyett	9 c Lockwood, b Bates
Byes 6, 1-b 3, w 2	11 Bye 11, 1-b 2
Total	201 Total

At Mote Park on Monday and Tuesday Kent gave Surrey a rare dressing, winning by ten wickets. Their captain, Lord Harris, came out for a duck, but Mr. F. Penn made 160 before he was caught by Humphrey, the remainder fetching the total up to 333, which was replied to by 187 and 171 from Surrey, so that Messrs. Absalom and Mackinnon had little to do when they went in for the second innings, and they did it.

The Australians at Keighley made short work of that place and district on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, as they proved victorious by seven wickets, their opponents being unable to make any noteworthy stand, their individual top scorer being Tobin with 49 and 7, whilst C. Bannerman 54, A. Bannerman 55, and T. Horan 47, were top scorers for the Colonials.

The annual Rugby and Marlborough match was played at Lord's on Wednesday, and proved a very easy win for the Rugbeians by an innings and 24 runs, this being mainly the result of the fine innings of 98, played by Mr. C. F. H. Leslie, and the effective bowling of Leggett. Marlborough made but 79 in their first innings and 87 in the second, Rugby putting in 190 for one innings.

Just as my notes are going to press I hear Mr. F. M. Leader was found drowned on Sunday morning in very shallow water at Staines. He was a member of the Moulsey Boat Club, an excellent swimmer, I believe, belonging to both the Ilex and Surbiton S.C.'s, and therefore the surmise is that he must have had a fit. EXON.

TURFIANA.

THE proprietors of the *Sportsman* have delivered their souls at last, and we have before us the correspondence in the Astley case, which we most heartily wish had been permitted to rest where it first drew breath—under canvas at Kempton Park. However, Messrs. Smith and Ashley could not be expected to let the matter rest where it was, with that serious accusation hanging over their heads, and they have so forced the bluff baronet's hand as to cause him to withdraw the charge of conspiring with bookmakers to garble prices. Sir John has only had to do what many a good man and true has done before him, but though we give him all credit for good intentions, and for a desire to "see things square," as he expressed it, we cannot but take exception to the time and season at which he thought fit to bring in his betting reform bill, "in a spirit of remarkable vigour," as the penny-aliners would say. Post-prandial utterances should, while they trench upon the gay and lively, steer clear of the grave and austere, and with one's feet under the mahogany of hosts who must perforce be neutral in the matter, it is hardly good taste to cast such a shocking great pippin of discord upon the hospitable board, and it is a wonder there was not a regular "worry" instead of a milder ebullition of feeling. We don't say that matters are in a highly satisfactory condition as regards "starting prices," but we cannot see how they are to be avoided under present circumstances, and it has always struck us that the fault lies with the public, who persist "in having their bit on," whether able to be present or not, and thus a door is opened to mistakes which doubtless do exist in regard to betting returns, though perhaps not to that extent indicated by Sir John Astley. However, let us hope that the peace made will be a durable one, and that we have heard the last of a subject which certainly does not show up racing and racing men in the most favourable of lights.

Sandown Park was as pleasant and successful as usual, and wound up satisfactorily the week prelude the exodus of the tribes to Goodwood and the South Coast. Ripple, Ouse, and Moonshine, three romantically sounding names, finished in that order for the Cobham Two-Year-Old Stakes, and the winner is another of Favonius's stock, which now begin to show a little form. Satira found her mistress in Caramel at last in the Surbiton Handicap, as she was bound to do with only 17lb in hand of Lord Marcus Beresford's "old girl," and Xantho followed up her winning career by carrying the "Barbican cherry" to the fore in the Ditton Selling Stakes, Borgia and Belgravia being her immediate attendants, and again did the daughter of Paul Jones change hands, this time for 230 guineas and to Mr. "Hampton." Jupiter won the Victoria Cup for Mr. Grettton (whose colours seem to be getting a well-deserved turn), but he had to run off a dead-heat with Finis, who was giving him only 11lb for the three years, so the performance was not a bad one. The style in which Philippina polished off Salamis in the Great Kingston Two-Year-Old Stakes makes out Mr. Barclay's filly to be a very smart one, and she will not fail to give Albert Victor a lift next year, while her dam, Noyau, is by Nutbourne, like the dam of Scapegrace, and breeders should not lose sight of this valuable blood, now so scarce in England. Boyton beat Vril and Faversham very readily in the Prince of Wales's Cup, and there was a rare set-to between Restore, Sunburn, and Hart o' Greece in the Two-Year-Old Plate, each having the best of it in turn, but the Machell colours were landed cleverly at last, and Titus Flavius had the best of Stikefire in the Match, beating him "pointless," as the coursers would say. Royalty patronised the meeting on Friday, the opening event of which day fell to Satira in the shape of a Handicap Plate, the unlucky Mandarin again running up, with the wretched Dolus third. Eleven sported silk for the Surrey Juvenile Stakes, and the two favourites, Lantern Fly and Katie, had the finish to themselves, Mr. Greenwood's colt staying the longest, and winning a fine race by a head. The Royal Stakes fell to The Reeve, who has done his owner yeoman service this season, and Frivolity secured the Warren Nursery from Court Beauty and the Tragedy colt, both winners; but we have evidently seen the best of the Brocklesby winner, whose owner must now regret his refusal of a large sum for the young Rake. A Selling High Weight Plate came next, and, as in most welter races of

ACCORDING to the *Journal des Débats*, the number of horses in the principal countries of Europe is as follows:—Russia, 21,570,000; Germany, 3,352,000; Great Britain, 2,255,000; Hungary, 2,179,000; Austria, 1,367,000; and Turkey, 1,000,000. According to the same authority, there are 9,504,000 horses in the United States; 4,000,000 in the Argentine Republic; 2,624,000 in Canada; and 1,600,000 in Uruguay.

Rumours of the Past Month



The Queen's
Pace The
"Andol" creature
claims it for her
time



The Weather
being so hot,
even Mr. Living
is compelled to
assume a Cool
Character



JULY,
Then came hot July boiling like to fire,
Upon a Lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode and made him to obey;
Spenser.

The Tropics of London
July 1878



No more this month!!



"Pretty Soul!!"

Production of a New Peace at the
T.R. Europe — Let us hope it will
have a long run —
Wetshy
July 1878

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

I WAS sitting on the brown dry grass of what the Margateians are pleased to call "The Fort" one day last week. I was chiefly engaged in blessing Mr. Maybrick for the boon he has conferred upon humanity by writing "Nancy Lee," as I had within one hour heard it played by ten street-pianos, four hurdy-gurdys, one set of bagpipes, one penny whistle (blind), and sung by five various groups of niggers, numbering in all twenty-three souls, and, worst of all, performed in shrill whistle by a telegraph-boy, who, with his undelivered yellow envelope, was lolling near me. For relief from the appalling popularity of "Nancy Lee" I wandered down the steps towards the Cliftonville Baths, had a look at the sketch by Brunton of the extraordinary creature who calls himself the Margate Figaro, went into his establishment to be shaved, but finding that he was not at home and that his assistant was performing "Nancy Lee" on a comb and piece of paper, I fled down the steps still further and arrived at the ticket-box of the bathing machines. As I looked round and contemplated the lofty cliffs and the blue sea and the brown sand, with the bright sun breaking down upon it, Is this Cyprus? I thought. Is this the nice little, tight little island by which my Lord Beaconsfield is quietly drawing England gradually to the land of his people,



the city of promise, the beloved Jerusalem. Surely it is, and there standing in his white helmet and commanding these stalwart fellows is Sir Garnet Wolseley, and these his first arrivals of stores and ammunition. Suddenly, a boy lying on the sand, combing the ragged hair of a goat, commenced to yell "Nancy Lee." All at once I was back in Margate, Sir Garnet changed into Mr. Briggs, the Commander of the Bath at Cliftonville, and his stores and ammunition waggons, altered to the familiar bathing machines and carts. I offered up a short but fervent prayer to be spared from rewarding that goat-boy as he deserved, took a ticket for a bath, and plunged into the ocean for relief; but, alas! the waves, as they washed up along the shingle and sand, sang out with painful monotony "Nancy Lee!" Was I going mad! I undoubtedly had "Nancy Lee" on the brain, and it was gradually but surely eating away my miserable existence. As I again found my way up by the fort I saw an old gentleman with a large model of St. Paul's Cathedral on a cart. It seemed very ingeniously built of sheet-lead. Here, at least, was an object which was guiltless of the fatal melody. At the extreme end was a most suggestive little box, with a straight cut in it just large enough to admit a coin of the penny order. I had certainly received a pennyworth of gratification from the inspection of the model, and quietly dropped my little offering through the aperture. Great heavens! What had I done! Suddenly the chimes of the venerable pile commenced to ring out "NANCY LEE!" I fled in distraction, my moment of comfort was past, and I wandered about, listening eagerly but in terror, for the too familiar sound. I had not long to wait. I next heard it performed on half a dozen tumblers, and then by the band on the

jetty, the clock on the church boomed it forth instead of the hour, the shrimps sang it out with their "Fine prawns! Fine brown shrimps!" and there was a baby crying it in a perambulator, the wheels of which (for want of oil) accompanied the infantile efforts with a still shriller version of it. At the corner of a quiet street, down which I had



eagerly turned, was an old gentleman with a gold band on his hat and a large bell in his hand, with which he occasionally rang the air of "Nancy Lee." It was the town crier, one of those old institutions that Willing and Partington have made almost obsolete. "Lost, lost!" he cried. Oh, joy! if he should but announce the loss of "Nancy Lee." I waited to hear. No, there was a watch and a dog and a bunch of keys, a purse containing two five-pound notes and three sovereigns, "of no value to anyone but the owner." Then came the announcements for the wild round of amusements that the coming night would



reveal. There was a talking machine at the Assembly Rooms, the new name for Mr. Thaddeus Wells, I presume; there were Young Pumas at the Hall by the Sea, and dancing at both places (no doubt, to the air of "Nancy Lee"). At the theatre Miss Mirabel was to take her benefit.

According to the bill it was to be a great occasion, and amongst other attractions, Mr. and Mrs. Raisbeck Robinson were to play *The Happy Pair*. I had never heard of Raisbeck, but Robinson seemed familiar somehow or other; and I don't know why, but I made up my mind to go and see the benefit of Mirabel. It was early in the day yet, and I had many hours of "Nancy Lee" to endure before the curtain at the theatre would go up; so at a chemist's I procured some cotton wool, with which I stuffed my ears, and then engaging a boat and having made a compact with the ancient mariner that he was not to whistle, sing, or even think of "Nancy Lee," I set out for sea. As the dear old soul assured me that he had "never heard on her," I began to feel a little comfort, and went out far enough to reduce the jetty to the size of a ship's gangway, and its occupants to the dimensions of house-flies. I could, however, still discern that they were promenading to the strains of "Nancy Lee," and as this annoyed me, I turned my back upon them and commenced quietly to fish. I got to the theatre rather late, as the fascination of silence out at sea had bound me to the ocean until it became dark and chilly. The curtain had gone down upon *The Daughter of the Regiment*, in which Mirabel had deported herself. As she was, however, to appear afterwards, I settled down to see Mr. and Mrs. Raisbeck Robinson in *The Happy Pair*. The orchestra played an overture to the piece, and of course it was "Nancy Lee;" but I was getting hardened



somewhat, and merely ground my teeth at the conductor. When the curtain went up, I recognised in the remarkably fine lady who occupied the part of Mrs. Honeyton, an old London favourite (and Indian for that matter), Miss Annie Baldwin. So it had come to this: charming Annie Baldwin had made one man happy and thousands miserable by changing her name. Well, what does it matter? So that she did not change it to Nancy Lee I was content. Mr. Robinson, I learnt from a garrulous Margateian who sat beside me, is a legal leading light in those parts, but being fond of things theatrical (and no wonder considering the lady he has married) he occasionally plays at the theatre, and with the partner of his joys is eagerly sought after for benefits—they being a certain draw when announced. Mrs. Raisbeck Robinson played with great taste in the matter of balancing the serious and humorous portions of her part. In Mr. Robinson I could detect none of that legal dignity that one would have expected from his position in society. He looked to me more of the nature of a little bantam-cock that would like to get on the top rail of a five-barred gate, and sing out a merry "cock-a-doodle-do!" He played, however, with considerable ease and much humour; in fact, his by-play when sitting on a stool at the feet of Mrs. Honeyton was sufficiently novel and entertaining to put the house in a roar. Down went the curtain, and again the band played "Nancy

Lee." The next performance was Mirabel in *Puff*, a piece evidently adapted to display her versatility. When she came on the stage I recognised a familiar face. More changes of names. Mirabel was no other than Miss Alice Dodd, the wife of Mr. Walter Searle. Bless the lady! How well I remember her when she and her husband used to play burlesque with as much touch-and-go as need be. Here she was, on the occasion of her benefit, at Margate, playing the part of a rattling girl, who keeps an obdurate parent enthralled with her songs and clatter, while the young people slip off and get married. Very wrong but very entertaining, and not one bar of "Nancy Lee" in it from beginning to end. So I was quite happy and forgiving to everybody. The theatre at Margate is not this year under the sway of Mr. Har Fort, Mr. Sidney being the lessee. He and his company were announced to appear with a grand round of performances. I went in last night to see the production of *Lost Emily* in which some daring strokes of dramatic and scenic art were attempted, of which the less said the better.

THE POPE'S MULE.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

(Translated by Laurie.)

OF all the delightful sayings, proverbs, or traditions of Provence, none is more singular or more interesting than the one I am speaking of.

Everyone within fifteen miles of my mill, when talking of any vindictive, rancorous man, says: "Beware of that man! He is like the Pope's mule, who saved her kick for seven years."

For a long time I tried to find out the origin of this saying, but no one could tell me—not even Francet Manai, my pipe-player, who had all the legends of Provence at his fingers' end. He thought it must come from some ancient chronicle of Avignon, but he had never heard anything beyond the proverb concerning this mule and her kick. "The only place you are likely to find anything about it is the Library of the Grasshoppers" (*Bibliothèque des Cigales*), said he, laughing. This idea struck me as being very good, and as the library was close at hand, I went, and shut myself in there for a week.

It is a most wonderful library, well fitted up, and open to poets day and night. The librarians play to you on cymbals all the time. I spent some most delightful days there, and after a week's search I at last found what I wanted, viz., the history of my mule and the famous kick that was saved for seven years. The story is charming, although rather naïve, and I will try and tell it you as I read it yesterday morning in a manuscript discoloured with time and scented with dried lavender.

If you have not seen Avignon in the time of the Popes, you have seen nothing. There never was such a town for gaiety, life, animation, and fêtes without end. From morning till night there were processions, pilgrimages, streets strewn with flowers and decorated with flags, cardinals arriving by the Rhone, papal soldiers singing Latin in the squares, the noise of the begging monks, and, from the houses that clustered round the papal palace, like bees round their hive, could be heard the tic-tac of the lacemakers, the weavers throwing their shuttles and singing as they weaved the cloths of gold for the chasubles, the musical instruments being tuned at the lutemaker's, and, above all, the ringing of bells and the sound of tambourines, which were always to be heard near the bridge, for in this town, when people are happy, they must dance, and as the streets in those days were a great deal too narrow for anything of the sort, the pipers and tambourine-players stationed themselves on the bridge of Avignon, and there they danced away, night and day, with the fresh breeze from the Rhone blowing upon them. Ah! those were happy days. Their halberds were never sharpened, and the state prisons provided wine as a refreshment. There was never any war, never any war. This was how the Popes governed their people, and why the people regretted them so much.

There was one good old pope called Boniface. Ah! what tears were shed in Avignon when he died. He was so kind and pleasant-looking, and smiled so friendly at you from his mule when you passed! It was all the same if you were a poor labourer or a provost, he gave his blessing to all without distinction. He was a true Pope of Provence—there was some meaning in his laugh. He wore a sprig of marjoram in his barrette, but the only love he knew was his vineyard—a little vineyard that he had planted himself among the myrtles of Château Neuf, about nine miles from Avignon. Every Sunday after mass the worthy man went to visit his well-beloved, and when he was comfortably seated in the sun under the vines, with his mule beside him, and his cardinals all round, he had a flagon of that ruby-coloured wine called Château-Neuf des Papes opened, and he sipped away at it, looking tenderly at his vines. Then when the flagon was empty, and the day closed, he returned joyously to the town, followed by all his chapter. When he passed over the bridge where the pipers and drummers were playing, his mule, enlivened by the music, would begin to dance, whilst the good man himself marked the time with his head, which mightily scandalised the cardinals, but all the people cried "Ah, the good prince! ah, the worthy Pope!"

After his vineyard at Château-Neuf the thing this Pope loved best in the world was his mule. The good man raved about the animal. Every evening before going to bed he went to see if the stable-door was well shut and his manger well filled, and he never got up from table without first having a bowl of red wine prepared à la Française, with sugar and spices. This he carried to the mule himself in spite of all the observations of his cardinals. . . . It must be acknowledged that the mule was worthy the trouble. It was a beautiful black animal spotted with brown, sure-footed, with a shiny coat and broad chest. She held up proudly her small head, ornamented with little bells, bows, and rosettes; she was as gentle as a lamb, with a mild eye, and long ears always on the move. All Avignon respected her, and when she went along the streets there was no end to the fuss made of her, for everyone knew that was a sure way to the Pope's heart, and that notwithstanding her innocent look she had brought good fortune to many, and among them was Tistet Védène.

This Tistet Védène was, on the whole, a most impertinent rascal; his father—Guy Védène, a sculptor in gold—had been obliged to drive him out of his house, for he would do nothing himself, and debauched the apprentices. For six months he was seen in the gutters of Avignon, but generally in the neighbourhood of the Papal palace, for the young dog had had his eye on the mule for some time, and you will see that it was to some evil intent.

One day when His Holiness was walking on the ramparts with his mule, Tistet approached with his hands clasped in admiration: "Oh, Holy Father, what a splendid mule you have there! Do let me look at it. Oh, what a beautiful mule. The Emperor of Germany has not one to equal it." And he began caressing it, and spoke gently to it. "Come here, my pet, my jewel," and the good Pope quite touched, said to himself, "What a nice little boy! How kind he is to my mule!" And do you know what happened the next day? Why Tistet Védène changed his old coat for a lace alb, a cloak of violet silk and buckled shoes; he was enrolled among the Pope's household, which honour before had only been accorded to noblemen's sons, or the

nephews of cardinals. This is what intrigue led to. But Tistet was not half-satisfied as yet.

Once in the Pope's service, the rogue followed up the game that had succeeded so well. Insolent to everyone else, he lavished all his attentions and cares on the mule; he was always to be met in the palace courts with a handful of oats or clover, which he flourished before the balcony of the Holy Father, as if to say: "Ha! whom is this for?" And so it went on, till the Pope, feeling himself grow old, confided to him the care of watching over the stable, and let him carry the bowl of wine, à la Française; and I assure you the cardinals were not amused this time.

Nor was the mule amused. Now, at the usual hour the wine came, it is true, but with it came also five or six little (clerks), boys of the Pope's household. They settled themselves comfortably in the straw with their lace and cloaks, and then an odour of spice and wine filled the stable. This odour that she loved so much, that keeps her warm, and lent her wings, they had the cruelty to bring it to her stable, to let her inhale it, and then—it passed away down the throats of these little rogues. But if they had only been content with stealing her wine! No! they were regular little demons when they had drunk. One pulled her ears, another her tail; a quiquet got on her back, and Beluguet tried his barrette on her head; not one of these young rascals ever gave a thought to the fact that the goodnatured beast could, with one kick, have sent them all to the polar star, and even further. But she was not the Pope's mule for nothing—the mule of indulgences and benedictions! The children did as they pleased; she did not lose her temper, she felt spiteful towards Tistet Védène only; when he was behind her, it was as much as ever she could do not to kick him: and really he well deserved it. The young good-for-nothing, what tricks he had played her! He thought of such cruel things after he had been drinking.

Did he not one day get the idea to make her follow him up to the top of the bell-tower, right up to the highest point of the palace?—it is quite true what I am telling you, for 200,000 people saw it. You can imagine the terror of the miserable mule when, after turning round and round all the way up the dark spiral steps, she found herself suddenly on the roof where the light was dazzling, and 1,000 feet beneath her, she saw Avignon looking most strange, the stalls in the market no bigger than nuts, the papal soldiers like so many red ants, and further on a silver line, and a microscopic bridge where they were dancing, dancing all the while. . . . Ah, poor thing, what a fright it was in! The cry she sent forth made all the palace windows shake.

"What is the matter? What have they done to her," cried the good Pope, rushing on to his balcony.

Tistet Védène was already in the court, pretending to cry and tear his hair. "Oh, Holy Father! this is what has happened. Oh, dear! what will become of us? Your mule has gone up in the belfry."

"All alone?"

"Yes, Holy Father, all by herself. Look, there she is, up there. Do you see the tips of her ears? They look just like swallows!"

"Mercy!" cried the poor Pope, raising his eyes. "She must be mad! She will kill herself. Will you come down, you unhappy creature!"

It was all very well to say that, it was just what the poor brute wanted to do; but how was she to come down. The stairs were not to be thought of; she might be able to go up those sort of things, but if she went down it would be a case of breaking her legs a hundred times over. And so the poor mule was desolate, and roamed about the roof feeling as giddy as ever she could, and yet she did not forget Tistet. "Ah, wretch! if I escape, what a kick you shall have to-morrow!"

This thought steadied her legs a little, else she never could have stood it. At last they got her down, but it was a hard matter. They had to have a lever, ropes, and a wheelbarrow. Just think what a humiliation for the Pope's mule to be hanging up at that height with her legs in the air, like a cockchafer at the end of a thread, and all Avignon looking on!

The unfortunate animal could not sleep all that night for thinking of it. She seemed always turning round that horrid roof, with all the town laughing at her below. Then she thought of the infamous Tistet Védène, and of the delightful kick in store for him. Ah, my friend, what a kick! They would see the smoke of it at Pampeluna. And what do you think Tistet Védène was doing all the time the mule was planning this splendid reception for him? He was sailing down the Rhone, singing on a papal galley, on his way to the Court of Naples with a troop of young nobles that were sent every year from the town to Queen Jeanne, to learn good manners and diplomacy. Tistet was not noble, but the Pope wanted to reward him for his kindness to the mule, and above all for his activity when she was let down from the belfry.

The mule's disappointment the next day was beyond bounds! "Ah, the wretch! he suspected something was wrong," she thought, shaking her bells furiously. "Never mind, you may go; but you will have it all the same. I will keep it for you." And so she did.

After Tistet's departure the mule went back to her old peaceful life. She had no more visits from Quiquet or Beluguet. The happy days of the wine à la Française came back again, and with them came good humour, long naps after dinner, and the dancing step when she went over the bridge. However, since her adventure there was always a little coldness shown towards her in the town. The people whispered together, old ones shook their heads, and the children laughingly pointed towards the belfry. The worthy Pope himself had lost a little of his confidence in her, and when he was falling into a doze on her as he returned from his vineyard on Sundays his last thought always was, "If I were to wake up on the roof!"

The mule perceived all this and was much pained, but said nothing. However, when they mentioned Tistet Védène's name her long ears trembled, and with a short laugh she sharpened her hoof on the stones.

So seven years passed by, and at the end of that time Tistet Védène came back from the Court of Naples. His time there was not yet finished, but he had heard that the Pope's head mustard-maker (*moutardier*) had died suddenly and, as the place seemed a good one to him, he had come post-haste to present himself for it.

When this arch intriguer entered the palace the Holy Father did not recognise him, he had grown so much. It must also be stated that the worthy Pope had grown old too, and could not see very distinctly without his spectacles.

Tistet was not at all abashed. "What, Holy Father! you do not recognise me? It is I—Tistet Védène!"

"Védène?"

"Yes—you remember—the one who used to take the wine to your mule."

"Ah! yes—yes—I remember; a good little boy was Tistet Védène. And now, what do you want of us?"

"Oh, not very much, Holy Father. I came to ask you—By the bye, have you still got your mule? Is she quite well? Oh, I am so glad to hear it! I came to ask you for the place of the head mustard-maker who is just dead."

"Head mustard-maker, you! But you are too young. How old are you?"

"I am twenty years old and two months, illustrious pontiff, just five years older than your mule. Ah, me, the dear creature! If

you only knew how fond I am of her, and how I longed to see her again while in Italy. Will you let me see her?"

"Certainly, my child, you shall see her," said the good old Pope, quite touched. "And as you love her so much, you shall not be parted from her again; I will keep you with me as head mustard-maker. My cardinals will raise an outcry, but I don't much mind for I am used to that. Come to me to-morrow after mass, and I will bestow upon you the insignia of your office before all my chapter, and then I will take you to see the mule, and we will all three go to the vineyard. Ah, ah! Now you may go."

I have no need to tell you how delighted Tistet Védène felt as he left the palace that day, and with what impatience he looked forward to the morrow's ceremony. And yet there was some one even more delighted and impatient than he was; this was the mule, for since Védène's return the terrible animal had done nothing but stuff herself with oats, and sharpen her hind hoofs against the wall.

Well, the next day after mass Tistet Védène made his appearance in the court of the palace. All the clergy were there—the cardinals in their red robes, the devil's advocate in black velvet, the abbots with their mitres, the churchwardens of Saint Agricola, all the retainers of the Pope, the soldiers in full uniform, the Penitential Brothers, the hermits of Mount Ventoux with their ferocious air, followed by the little sacristans who carried the bells—all, all were there, even to the doorkeeper and lamplighter; not one was absent. Ah, it was a superb ordination! Bells were ringing, the sun shone brightly, bands were playing, and those everlasting fifes and tambourines were still going on the bridge for the people to dance to. When Védène appeared, his noble presence and handsome face caused a murmur of admiration. He was indeed a superb fellow, very fair, with wavy hair and a most charming little beard that seemed to have taken its colour from the metal his father, the sculptor, worked in. It was rumoured that the fingers of Queen Jeanne had often played with that same fair beard, and in truth the Sire de Védène had that proud, absent look of one who was loved by queens. On this eventful day he had changed his Neapolitan dress for a jacket embroidered with pink à la Provençale, in honour of his native town, and in his cap a plume waved majestically.

As he entered the new officer bowed most gallantly, and directed his steps towards the gallery where the Pope was awaiting him, to bestow on him the insignia of his office, viz., the yellow wooden spoon and saffron-colour robe.

The mule stood at the bottom of the steps, ready saddled to go to the vineyard. . . . As he was passing by her Védène stopped with a kind smile on his face and patted her affectionately on the back, whilst he looked out of the corner of his eye, to see if the Pope was looking. The position was a good one. The mule gathered herself together—"There! you wretch! I have saved it for you these seven years." Therewith she gave such a terrible, terrible kick, that at Pampeluna they saw the smoke of it—a whirlwind of fair smoke and a plume in the midst of it, and that was all that was left of the unfortunate Tistet Védène.

Mules' kicks are not generally so annihilating, but this was a Pope's mule, and then, you must remember, that it had been kept for seven years.

A better proof of ecclesiastical resentment could never be found.

MR. CHARLES COLLETTE is giving a single-handed entertainment at the Brighton Aquarium this week with much success. Next week he will open the new theatre at Wolverhampton.

THE *Sydney Morning Herald* of June 8, says:—"As the public may possibly be anxious to know in what manner Trickett, the champion sculler, is affected by the news from England that John Higgins has intimated an intention of challenging him to row, it is as well to state that privately he has received no information on the subject. Trickett, who knows Higgins personally, believes that, as he is the champion rower of England, he is likely to prove a formidable foe in these waters. He believes, however, that Higgins is not aware of the injuries he has sustained to his hand, and, as he has not recovered from their effects altogether, holds that the acceptance of a challenge at present is out of the question. Trickett does not anticipate that the loss of his finger will mar his success in sculling, and he is very anxious for recovery in order that he may enter the lists with Higgins or any other aquatic competitor.

THE deciding match of the Brighton Sailing Club, for 21-feet boats, for the Ashbury Cup, value 50 guineas, and club prizes, as well as the sailing off of the tie for the 13-feet boats for the Ashbury Cup (25 guineas) and club prizes, came off on Saturday over the usual course. A start was effected in the first-named event at 4h 5min, and resulted as follows:—Blanche, first round, 5h 12min 40sec, finished 5h 37min 5sec; Vanguard, 5h 15min 5sec, finished 5h 37min 15sec; Isabel, 5h 23min 50sec, finished, 5h 50min 40sec. The tie in the race for 13-feet boats was then decided. Start:—4h 30min. Cuckoo, first round, 5h 26min 53sec, finished 6h 4min 17sec; Pearlina, 5h 27min 26sec, finished 6h 3min 55sec. W. wind; lumpy tide.

The resuscitation of the Talkin Tarn Regatta and Great Northern Games on Friday, July 26, was attended with complete success, and the gala will now be annually held. Special excursion trains were run from Newcastle, Carlisle, and other towns, and these brought heavy freights of passengers; indeed, the company of spectators who patronised the venture could not have been less than 6,000 strong.

MESSRS. OSLER, of Birmingham and London, have surpassed their memorable achievement of 1851 in the exhibition at Paris. A peculiarly brilliant effect is produced by their pair of candelabra, each of seven lights, supported by a shaft of glass of the unusual dimensions of 3ft 6in in length. Another candelabrum of a totally different character, to be placed against the mirror, is a successful example of the union of glass and richly gilt metal work. But the chief object of attraction is a cabinet, gothic in form, which presents the idea of an altar table backed by a lofty reredos of exquisitely beautiful design and commanding proportions. It is a work which may be safely said to challenge comparison with any decorative production of its class.

At the Cambridgeshire Assizes, Mdle. Corani, operatic singer, sued M. Campobello for £100 balance of money alleged to be due to the plaintiff on an engagement as the prima-donna of his travelling opera company. Mr. Horace Browne and the Hon. John De Grey were for the plaintiff, and the defendant appeared in person. The defendant set up a counter claim against the plaintiff of £295 for alleged breach of her engagement. The case being called on, M. Campobello said he had an engagement of far more importance to him than the value of the amount claimed, and he would consent to a judgment rather than be detained. He would pursue his action another time. Mr. Horace Browne said it was entirely an undefined action, and a verdict was taken for Mdle. Corani for £100, the counter claim being dismissed.

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DEATH OF MR. JAMES H. CHUTE.

It is with the most unfeigned regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. James H. Chute, proprietor and manager of the Theatre Royal, Bristol. Although the last and fatal illness was of a somewhat brief duration, it has been visible to his friends that for some time the health of the deceased gentleman has been failing, and also that since the death of Mrs. James H. Chute, some four months since, he was not destined long for this world. About three weeks ago Mr. Chute paid a visit to London, and was apparently much benefited thereby, and it was hoped that in a few days he might have gone to Brighton for the sea air. Some days since an unusually severe attack of bronchitis and asthma made him extremely prostrate, but on Monday evening, when his medical attendant saw him at seven o'clock, he was apparently better. He passed, however, a restless night, and about six o'clock on Tuesday morning it was noticed by Mr. George Chute, who had sat up with him during the night, that he was sinking, and at nine he expired without a struggle. The deceased leaves six sons and three daughters to mourn his loss, amongst the former being Dr. Henry Macready Chute, now at the Cape of Good Hope, and Mr. George Macready Chute, who has been for some time acting-manager of the Theatre Royal, Bristol. There was a fourth daughter, who died some few years since whilst at college in Germany.

Mr. Chute was born at Gosport on the 4th of July, 1810, and he had consequently just entered upon his sixty-ninth year. From his earliest days he devoted himself to a pursuit of the dramatic art. As is commonly the case with youthful aspirants to histrionic laurels, he adopted, at the outset of his

career, an assumed name, and, when a very young man indeed, he played for a season or two upon the Bristol boards as Mr. Chew. He performed in succession upon the York and Lincoln circuits, upon the latter under the management of Mr. Robertson, the father of the popular playwright, and of the no less eminent Miss Madge Robertson. The young actor displayed great ability, and as early as 1837 a handsome watch was presented to him whilst upon the York circuit, in recognition of his dramatic talent and personal worth. During his circuit engagements Mr. Chute had as confederates the late distinguished comedian, Mr. Henry Compton, and other actors whose abilities afterwards carried them to high positions in their art, and with whom he formed friendships of the closest and most enduring kind.

After quitting the circuits the deceased manager visited Scotland. He also played for seven years at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and became exceedingly popular in the Irish capital. He acted likewise at other leading theatres, and joined the Bristol stage somewhere about 1842, under the management of Mrs. Sarah Macready, the mother of the great tragedian, and of the lady who afterwards became Mrs. Chute. That young lady, contrary to the wishes of her family, who had destined her for the art of music, formed an early passion for the stage, which it was found impossible to resist. Mr. Chute's handsome person, frank and agreeable manners, high principles, and professional ability not unnaturally impressed the heart of the young actress, and the fond couple became united to each other at the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster, on the 28th of October, 1844. It was entirely a marriage of affection—in short, a runaway match; but it resulted in happiness for all the parties concerned, lives of enduring affection for the wedded pair, and aid and solace to Mrs. Macready, then advanced in years, with whom Mr. Chute shared

the cares of management up to the time of her death in March, 1853. In the September following he became himself the lessee of the old theatre in King-street, Bristol.

The New Theatre was built for him, and his management of both houses continued down to the moment of his death. The last time he acted was on the occasion of his benefit on the 6th of April, 1876, when he appeared in Colman's fine old English comedy of *The Poor Gentleman*, he himself filling the rôle of Corporal Foss, his old friend Mr. Compton playing the part of Cornet Oilapod. In the afterpiece, *Box and Cox*, the veteran manager appeared with his son, Mr. George M. Chute, both of whom, we need hardly state, experienced a most cordial reception. The deceased gentleman appeared before the curtain twice afterwards, but only in acknowledgment of hearty popular greetings. On the night when the Bristol Histrionic Club gave him a complimentary benefit he appeared to proffer his thanks, with Miss Henrietta Hodson, and during the present season, when a similar compliment was accorded to him, he was led on by Miss Bateman, and spoke a few brief words of gratitude.

Mr. Chute's powers were of a versatile character, for he was as good a musician and singer as an actor. He played in his time *Fra Diavolo* in the opera of that name, Dr. Dulcamara in *The Love Spell*, Hawthorn in *Love in a Village*, Crop in *No Song No Supper*, and other musical characters; whilst in numerous parts in the ordinary drama he made himself a "man of mark." His Sir John Falstaff was amongst the best interpretations of that marvellously drawn character which the modern stage has afforded, whilst his Don Caesar de Bazan, John of Paris, Samson Ironbrace, and many other parts must hold pleasant places in the memories of all who witnessed them.—*Era*.

HORSES.—MR. F. MOSTYN, 19, Green-street, Park-lane; The Hall, Uppingham, Rutland, has a number of high-class Hunters, Hacks, and Harness Horses, &c. Sale—open to Veterinary examination.

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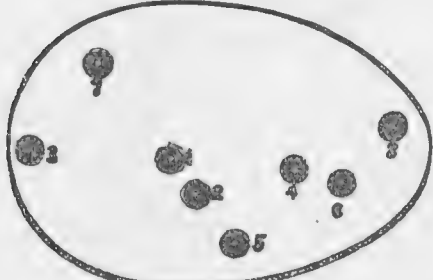
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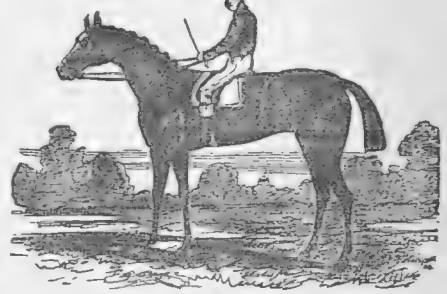
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- BAY COLT by Cathedral out of Jolie (dam of Silver String), by Stockwell.
- CHESTNUT COLT by Hermit out of Post Haste, by Stockwell, out of Hurry Scurry, by Pantaloon.
- CHESTNUT COLT by Paganini out of Sooloo (dam of Silver String), by Stockwell.
- BAY COLT by Favonius out of Lucretia, by Voltigeur out of Village Maid, by Stockwell out of minx (sister to Melbourne).
- BAY COLT (brother to Ragman) by Fripponier out of Sphinx, by Newminster.
- BAY COLT (brother to Plebian) by Joskin out of Queen Elizabeth, by Autocrat, her dam, Bay Rosalind, by Orlando out of Elopement, by Velociped.
- BAY COLT by The Palmer out of Popgun (dam of Carew), by Ellington out of Minie, by Touchstone.
- BAY COLT by Macgregor out of Arabella (dam of Nightmare), by Pandango out of Lecturer's dam.
- BAY COLT by Macgregor out of Etoile du Nord (dam of Abbe's and King's Lynn), by Touchstone.
- BAY COLT by Siderolite out of Barcelona, by Thormanby, her dam, Tarragona, by Orlando.
- CHESTNUT COLT by Adventurer out of Cantiniere, by Stockwell out of Cantine (dam of Aventuriere), by Orlando.
- BAY COLT by King of the Forest out of Eleanor, by Gemma di Vergy out of Beauty, by Lanercost—Cytherea, by Camel.
- BAY COLT by Knight of the Garter out of Themis (dam of Wolferton), by Lord Lyon—Fairy Footstep, by Newminster—Harriott, by Gladiator.
- CHESTNUT COLT by Parmesan out of Cherwell (dam of Somerset, Coventry, &c.), by Oxford, her dam, Van Tromp.
- BAY COLT by Cathedral out of Melodious (sister to Melody, dam of Paganini).
- BAY COLT by Victorius out of Wild Roe, by Wild Dayrell, her dam, Rosaline, by Orlando.
- BAY COLT by Mandrake out of Curlew Bell (dam of Watchword, Extinguisher, and Extinguish) by Newminster, her dam, Nugget, by Melbourne.
- BAY COLT by Mandrake out of Chillianwallah (dam of Rancee and Sir Hugh) by Newminster out of Lady Gough, by Launcelot out of Jeannette, by Birdcatcher.
- BAY COLT by Queen's Messenger out of Reaction (dam of Turn-table, Result, Cataract, and Equinox), by King Tom, her dam, Waterwitch, by The Flying Dutchman out of Evening Star, by Touchstone.
- BAY COLT by Paganini out of Miss Glasgow, by Y. Melbourne, her dam, Birdcatcher out of Miss Whip, by The Provost.
- CHESTNUT FILLY by Adventurer out of Armistice, by Rataplan out of Hermione, by Kingston.
- CHESTNUT FILLY by Adventurer out of Clianthus (sister to Athena, and dam of Lord Tara and Clonsilla, &c.), by Stockwell out of Heroine, by Neasham.
- CHESTNUT FILLY by Macaroni out of Queen of Scots, by Blair Athol, out of East Sheen, by Kingston.
- BAY FILLY by The Rake out of Bonnie Katie (dam of Bonnie Robin), by King of Trumps out of Basquine, by Orlando out of Canoezou, by Melbourne.
- BAY FILLY by Pretender out of Lady Flora (dam of Sweet Marjoram, Em, &c.), by Stockwell out of Fair Helen, by Pantaloon out of Rebecca, by Lottery.
- CHESTNUT FILLY by The Rake out of Mantilla (dam of Freemantle), by King of Trumps out of Basquine, by Orlando out of Canoezou, by Melbourne.
- BAY FILLY by Holy Friar out of Bel Esperanza (dam of Admiration), by Van Galen out of Belladrum, by Chanticleer.
- BAY FILLY by Doncaster out of Fairy Footstep (dam of Fairy King, Fairy Queen, &c.), by Newminster, out of Harriott, by Gladiator.
- CHESTNUT FILLY by Kingcraft out of Chatelette, by Cambuscan, out of Fal-lal, by Fazzolletto, out of Fernia, by Venison.
- BAY FILLY by Vulcan, out of a North Lincoln mare (dam of Instructor) out of Queen of the Vale, by King Tom out of Agnes by Pantaloon.
- BAY FILLY by Pretender out of Bell Heather, by Stockwell out of Harebell, by Annandale out of Heather Bell, by Bay Middleton.
- CHESTNUT FILLY by Idus out of Dame School, by Stockwell out of Preceptress (Governess's dam), by Chatham.
- BAY FILLY by Rosicrucian out of Lucy Hylda, by Stockwell out of Lady Hylda, by Newminster.
- BAY FILLY by Y. Melbourne out of Adrastia (dam of Kismet), by St. Albans—Nemesis, by Newminster.
- BAY FILLY by Orest out of Germania (sister to Nightjar, and dam of Alice Lorraine), by Wild Dayrell out of Swallow (dam of Wheatear), by Cotterstone out of The Wyneck.

After which the following MARES and STALLION will be offered.

- SOOLOO (1878) by Stockwell.
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- POPGUN (1861), by Ellington, her dam, Minie, by Touchstone.
- ALBANIA (1875), by St. Albans out of Cantine, by Orlando.
- FOREFIT (1875), by Siderolite out of Ransom, by St. Albans—Durindano, by Orlando.
- STALLION.**
- PRIESTCRAFT (1866), by Newminster out of Woodcraft (dam of Kingcraft, Andre, Anderrida, Great Tom, &c.).

A special first-class train will leave Victoria for Pulbro' 9.45, and return at 5.30 p.m.

Steyning is the station for passengers from Brighton, where they will be met.

Luncheon punctually at 1 o'clock, sale at 2 o'clock.

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SALES BY AUCTION.

In the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, 1877, G. 177.—"Goodrich and Others, Plaintiffs, Tyndall and Others, Defendants."—Essex, near Colchester. The highly important Freehold and Residential Domain known as the Berechurch Hall Estate with capital Family Mansion, standing in its own beautifully timbered park and picturesque pleasure grounds, and surrounded by numerous farms, principally let to superior tenants on liberal leases at moderate rentals, comprising together nearly 3,400 acres of excellent land, in arable, garden, old pasture, and low meadow, interspersed with thriving woodlands, plantations, and belts, suitably provided with good residences, modern agricultural buildings, and numerous cottages. The various farms are approached and divided by excellent cart ways, and extend over nearly five miles of the fertile and well-timbered district embraced in the parishes of Berechurch, Fingringhoe, Donyland, Layer-de-la-Haye, Abberton, Langenhoe, and Peldon, and are to a large extent free from the payment of tithes; the Advowsons of the parishes of Berechurch and Layer-de-la-Haye; and the valuable Manor of Blind Knights. The above highly valuable estate, yielding an aggregate rental of about £4,750 per annum, admirably situated within two miles of the important county and garrison town of Colchester, and well adapted for the immediate reception of a family of high position, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, pursuant to an Order of her Majesty's High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, made in this action, and dated 15th of April, 1878, by

MR. JOSEPH SMITH SURRIDGE, Jun. (of the firm of Surridge and Son), the person appointed by the Judge for that purpose, with the approbation of his Lordship the Master of the Rolls, to whose Court this action is attached, at the Cups Hotel, Colchester, Essex, on TUESDAY, August 6, at TWELVE o'clock, in numerous lots.—Full particulars, with conditions of sale and lithographed plans of the estate, may be obtained of the following solicitors:—Messrs. Howard, Inglis, and Keeling, Colchester, Essex; Messrs. Bridges, Sawtell, Ram, and Dibdin, 23, Red Lion-square, London, W.C.; J. S. Barnes, Esq., Colchester; Messrs. Western and Sons, 35, Essex-street, Strand, London; Messrs. Wade and Knockner, Dunmow, Essex; G. T. Powell, Esq., 11, St. Pancras-lane, London, E.C.; Messrs. Harris and Morton, Halstead, Essex; Messrs. Aldridge, Thorne, and Morris, 31, Bedford-row, London, W.C.; or of the Auctioneer, at his offices, Kelvedon and Coggeshall, Essex.

In the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, 1877, G. 177.—"Goodrich and Others, Plaintiffs, Tyndall and Others, Defendants."—Essex.—The important Residential Landed Property known as the Manor House Estate, well situated in the parishes of Wethersfield and Sibbe Heddingham, with outlying portions in Stambourne, Ridgewell, Yeldham, and Bardfield, comprising together nearly 1,600 acres of superior arable and pasture land, thriving woodlands, and plantations, with capital Family Mansion, surrounded by well-timbered park and pleasure grounds principally freehold and to a large extent redeemed from land-tax, let (except as to the mansion and grounds, and the woodlands, which will be sold with possession) to a first-class tenantry at moderate rentals, and on liberal leases; the inappropriate tithe rent-charge of and in the parish of Wethersfield commuted at £1,120 per annum; several well-appointed family residences, with suitable offices and gardens, &c.; capital domestic brewery, with fully licensed tavern and posting house; numerous trade premises, messuages, and cottages, &c., yielding an aggregate rental value of about £4,425 per annum, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, pursuant to an Order of her Majesty's High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, made in this action, and dated 15th of April, 1878, by

MR. JOSEPH SMITH SURRIDGE, Jun. (of the firm of Surridge and Son), the person appointed by the Judge for that purpose, with the approbation of his Lordship the Master of the Rolls, to whose Court this action is attached, in the large room at the Mechanics' Institute, Braintree, Essex, on THURSDAY, 8th of August, 1878, at TWELVE o'clock, in numerous lots.—Full particulars, with conditions of sale and lithographed plans of the estate, may be obtained of the following solicitors:—Messrs. Wade and Knockner, Dunmow, Essex; G. T. Powell, Esq., 11, St. Pancras-lane, London, E.C.; Messrs. Harris and Morton, Halstead, Essex; Messrs. Aldridge, Thorne, and Morris, 31, Bedford-row, London, W.C.; Messrs. Howard, Inglis, and Keeling, Colchester, Essex; Messrs. Bridges, Sawtell, Ram, and Dibdin, 23, Red Lion-square, London, W.C.; J. S. Barnes, Esq., Colchester; Messrs. Western and Sons, 35, Essex-street, Strand, London; or of the Auctioneer, at his offices, Kelvedon and Coggeshall, Essex.

MERIONETHSHIRE, North Wales.—Manor of Dinas Mawddwy, with the Manorial Rights, extending over an area of about 19,470 acres; the Minerals thereunder, and Rights of Sporting and Rights of Fishing in the Rivers Dovey and Ceryst and their tributaries, extending over twenty miles the Fairs and Markets held within the Lordship of Mawddwy, the Fines and Tolls in respect of the same; and certain chief and other Rents; a Residential and Sporting Domain, including a Freehold Estate of 1529a. 3r. 24p., more or less; of which about 500 acres are thriving Plantations, and the residue includes the Gothic Mansion, called "Plas-y-Dinas," with its ample pleasure grounds, lawns, Conservatories, Lodges, Kitchen Gardens, Stabling, and Outbuildings; the several Farms with the Houses and Farm Buildings thereon, known as Tan-y-Bwlch (or Home Farm), Frydd Gilwyn, Bwlch, Frongoch, Pen-y-bont, Maesbenddu, Celyn-Biithion, Cynowrach, and Cloddia-goch, embracing together above 1,000 acres, about equally divided in enclosed arable, pasture, and meadow lands, and mountain sheepwalk; the Buckley Arms Hotel, Ceryst Water Mill, numerous Cottages, &c., and a Leasehold Estate of 33a. 2r. 8p.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION, by Messrs. EDDISON and TAYLOR, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London, on WEDNESDAY, the 7th day of August, 1878, at TWO o'clock in the Afternoon (subject to conditions to be then produced).

Should the Domain not be sold in one lot the mansion with the lands near it, the several farms, the Buckley Arms Hotel, and accommodation lands near Minllyn and the Mawddwy Railway Station, and the residue, will be subsequently offered in lots, as described in further particulars.

Dinas Mawddwy can be reached by the London and North-Western or Great Western Railways (connected with the Cambrian Railway) changing at Cemmaes-road Station, on the latter line, from which point a short branch line leads to Dinas Mawddwy. The distance by road from Bala is 18 miles, and from Dolgelly 10 miles.

The Mansion and Grounds may be viewed by cards only. Detailed particulars, with plans and views, may be seen at the principal Hotels in the district, or may be had of Mr. John Eddison, Land Surveyor and Estate Auctioneer, Royal Exchange, Leeds, and High-street, Huddersfield (Eddison and Taylor); Messrs. Edwin Smith and Co., Land Agents, 302, Regent-street, London; Mr. Jas. Stevens, Architect, 88, Mosley-street, Manchester; Messrs. Sale and Co., Solicitors, Booth-street, Manchester; or Messrs. Barker and Sons, Solicitors, Huddersfield.

MR. RYMILL will sell by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carts, Harness, &c.

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The following letter has just been received from Signor Urio, the well-known operatic artiste.

London, July 29th, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, I beg to state that after using the Eau Malleron some time, I have obtained quite a marvellous result. I am certain that through it I shall recover my hair exactly as it was before. I am, indeed, much obliged to you.

Yours very truly,
URIO.

You may show my letter to any inquirer, and do what you think fit with it.

(From a Lady)

Stratford-on-Avon, June 29th, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I have just finished the bottle of Eau Malleron. I received from you just a month ago. It certainly has proved beneficial to my hair, as it is thicker at the roots, and has grown a little over an inch.—Believe me, yours truly,
C. H.

Hull, May 3rd, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I have commenced with the Eau Malleron, and fancy it begins to do good, in any case the skin of the scalp appears to get softer, showing more life.—Yours,
J. E.

Bibleton, near Preston, May 27th, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour to hand, I have not used the Eau Malleron for a month, I have been away from home, and my whereabouts uncertain, so did not send for any. My hair is thicker, though I do not follow out the directions perhaps as rigidly as I ought.—Yours sincerely,
J. C. S.

Lerwick, June 9th, 1878.

M. J. LODOIS.—Sir, I beg to inform you that I have finished the last bottle of Eau Malleron supplied by you. To speak candidly, I think that where the mixture was most used the hair is thicker, but it is very fine and short.—Yours obediently,
G. W. H.

Trowbridge, June 17th, 1878.

MONSIEUR LODOIS.—Sir,—I beg to enclose a cheque for one bottle of Eau Malleron, as before, and should be obliged your sending it early to the above address. Progress as yet, I fancy, is slow, and may after another bottle improve, that I may report to you with entire satisfaction.—I remain, yours, &c.,
W. S. W.

Bath, April 9th, 1878.

J. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d., and will thank you to send me a large bottle of Eau Malleron. My hair has improved wonderfully since I have used this preparation.—Yours, &c.,
J. F. M.

34, Avenue du Pont Neuf, Limoges, France.

DEAR SIR,—My treatment is finished. I promised to write and let you know the result. I have the satisfaction to tell you that the result has been on all points in accordance with the terms of your little pamphlet. My hair had disappeared for many years without any apparent cause. It has grown much more than I could have expected. I had large bare places which are now quite covered with hair.—Yours, &c.,
F. DESCHAMPS.

Jermyn-street, London.

M. LODOIS.—I am so pleased with your treatment that before leaving London for the provinces I feel bound to thank you. My hair has, under your care, made rapid progress. Please send me two bottles of Eau Malleron, for which I send the money.—Yours, &c.,
P. E. G.

Suffolk.

M. LODOIS.—Will you send me a pint bottle of Eau Malleron? I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d.; please send receipted bill, and say when it is sent off, because of the delay I often have with parcels. I think the Eau Malleron is excellent for preventing the hair from coming off, and it has caused new hairs to grow.
Miss G. R.

MR. J. LODOIS

Begs to announce that he has the sole right of sale of Eau Malleron in the United Kingdom.

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"The Story of Ariadne: a new Per-Version," J. R. Planché; "A Night at the Gallows-Tree Inn," Frank Barrett; "Chansonette" (from an Early—a very Early—English Ballad), E. A. Morton; "Briary Villas," G. Manville Fenn; "A Stroll with Brigham Young," Howard Paul; "A Nautical Ballad" (for Drawing-room Comiques), Henry J. Byron; "The Paris Exhibition: a Few British Products," J. A. Scofield; "Breitmann in Turkey," C. G. Leland; "Murder most Foul," Gerald Holcroft; "From 'fiddle Don Cesar de Bazan,'" Henry J. Byron; "Experientia Docet: a Warning to the School-bored," Robert Frigate; "Tooth-Looseners," H. J. B.; "Some Transatlantic Conceits," W. Boyd; "The Maid and the Man" (a Watteau Story in Bric-a-Brac), W. T. Riseley; "Broken-down Bridesmaids," H. Collinson Burdwood; "One of 'our Absent Friends': a Portrait," H. H. Robinson; "Ode to Noise" (Imitated from Horace Smith), Godfrey Turner.

A day with the Baron, The Four-in-Hand Club, A Year's Coatings, A Forest Run with the "Queen's," Hunting the Wild Red Deer, The Royal Buckhounds, A Pink Wedding, Melton, its Manners and Customs, &c.

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WARWICK SEPTEMBER MEET-

ING, 1878, will take place on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, the 3rd and 4th of September.

Under the Rules of Racing and Grand National Rules. 1,790 sovs added money.

* The following races close and name on Tuesday, August 6th, to Mr. J. Sheldon, Temple Chambers, and New Street, Birmingham, Messrs. Weatherby, or Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, London.

FIRST DAY.
The LEAMINGTON HANDICAP of 200 sovs added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft; 3 sovs to the fund, the only liability; one mile.

The GRENDON NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE of 200 sovs for yrs old; entrance 3 sovs, the only liability for horses struck out, to Messrs. Weatherby, if not struck out the entrance to be 5 sovs in addition; half a mile.

SECOND DAY.
The WARWICK WELTER CUP (handicap), value 200 sovs, subscription of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 150 added. 1lb extra; Gentlemen riders—professionals, 1lb extra; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. W. S. Crawford D. of Montrose
Sir B. Dixie Lt Stamford
Mr. F. Grettton Sir W. Throckmorton
Capt. Machell

The STUDLEY CASTLE NURSERY HANDICAP of 10 sovs each starters, with 100 added for two-yr-olds; entrance 3 sovs each, only liability for non-starters; five furlongs.

Messrs. WEATHERBY, Handicappers.
Mr. JOHN SHELDON, Lessee and Clerk of the Course

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN MEET-
ING, 1878, will take place on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, November 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, under the Newmarket and Grand National Rules.

THURSDAY.
The LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP with 500 sovs added (and 100 sovs to the trainer of the winner).

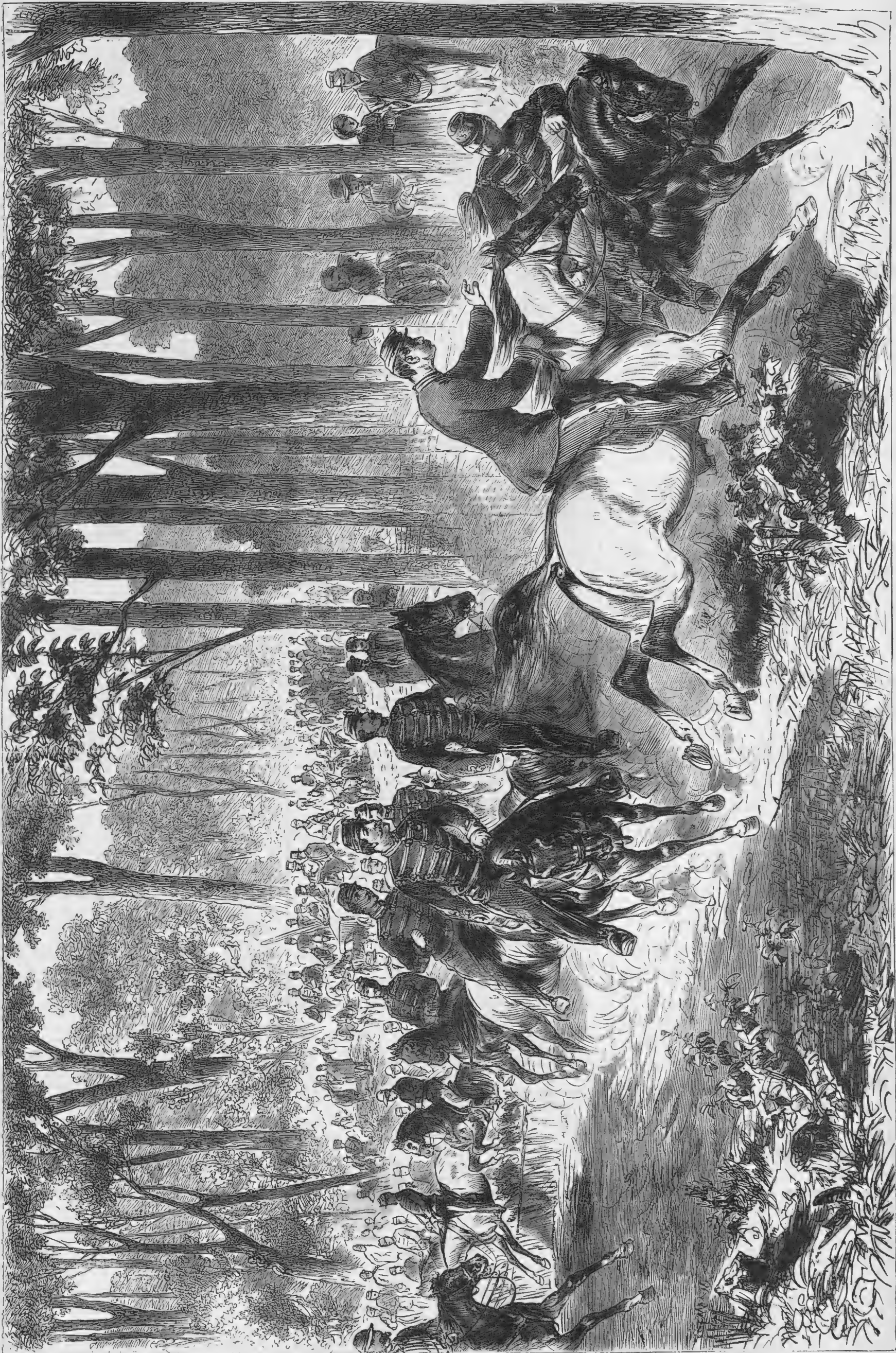
FRIDAY.

The DUCHY CUP with 200 sovs added.

The above races close and name as for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, on August 6th, the TUESDAY after Goodwood.

Nominations received by Messrs. Weatherby, London; Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, London; Mr. R. Johnson, York; and Messrs. Topham, Wrexham or Chester.

Printed for the Proprietor by JAMES and GEORGE JUD, at the Office of Messrs. JUD & Co., 4, 5, and 6, St. Andrew's-hill, Doctors' Commons, in the Parish of St. Ann, in the City of London, and published by GEORGE MADDOCK, Jun., at 148, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, London.—SATURDAY, August 3, 1878.



PAPER-CHASE OF BELGIAN OFFICERS IN HONOUR OF A ROYAL VISIT.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

S. W.—The Duke's Theatre, in Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, was
pulled down in October, 1848. It had then long been known as the Duke's
Head. The Fortune Theatre, in Golden-lane, St. Luke's, survived it.

J. BRYAN.—Leigh Hunt wrote of his acting in 1807, as follows:—"It is
always pleasing to see an actor who, with considerable powers of
buffoonery, can so far respect himself and his author as to keep his spirits
within just bounds, and be rather proud of copying nature, than vain
enough to remind us eternally of himself. For this reason the unassuming
and unaffected nature of Mr. Blanchard is always welcome to the
judicious, though he may not be received with as much riot from the
galleries as Mr. Fawcett or any other speaking Harlequin. Let the
natural actor always recollect that buffoons meet with so much applause
chiefly because it is customary for the mob to be the noisiest in their

approbation; if it were the fashion for the boxes to be as unrestrained and
as turbulent, and for the mob to assent merely with smiles, nature and wit
would always obtain the shout." Mr. Blanchard was born at York in
1769, and he was reared by his uncle, who was proprietor of *The York
Chronicle*. He married twice. Miss E. Blanchard, the actress, was his
daughter. See also reply to "The Little Widow."

C. M. Z.—A translation of the memoirs of the celebrated French actor,
M. Fleury, was made by Theodore Hook, and published in two volumes
by Colburn in 1841. It is one of the most entertaining works of the kind,
and will repay perusal. A full and deeply interesting account of the
imprisonment and sufferings endured by the actors of the Comédie
Française, some hundreds in number, when they were arrested on suspicion
of conspiring against the republic, will be found in the second volume.

A. READER.—John Fawcett was the son of an actor. His father played with
Garrick at Drury Lane Theatre. He was born in 1769.

THE LITTLE WIDOW.—Mr. William Blanchard made his first appearance
in London, in 1809, as Bob Acres in *The Rivals*, at Covent Garden
Theatre. He died in a fit on the 9th of May, 1835, while returning from
dining with a friend at Fammersmith, and his body was found in a ditch
by the roadside on the following morning.

A. WELLS.—1. Mr. William Davidge was born in London, April 17th, 1814.
He made his first appearance at Nottingham, in June, 1836, in the
character of Adam Winterbottom. 2. Mr. John Corrie died, at the age of 41,
on Sunday, June 11th, 1848, after a lingering illness, aggravated by the
affliction of poverty. 3. Macready first played "Iachimo," September
18th, 1820. 4. The original Job Thornberry in *John Bull* was Mr.
Fawcett. 5. Mr. John Brunton was manager of the Birmingham, Bristol,
Brighton, Plymouth, Norwich, and Lynn theatres. He was the son of a
clever London actor. His sister was an actress, whom the Earl of Craven
married, and his daughter Elizabeth became Mrs. Yates. In 1812 he
took the management of the Queen's Theatre in the Tottenham court-
road, now known as the Prince of Wales's. He died in 1848, on August
15th, in his 74th year.

MUSICAL.

OLANDER.—The Italian version of Wagner's early opera, *Der Fliegende
Holländer*, used at the Royal Italian Opera, is not the same as that
formerly used at Her Majesty's Opera. The latter is the better and more
faithful version of the two.

JAMES D.—The present is a good time for the purchase of a second-hand
pianoforte. During the season many first-class pianofortes are lent out
on hire at very high terms, and are returned to the makers, rather better
than for wear, before the middle of August.

R. S. (Cambridge).—"As I saw fair Clara" was not composed by Haydn,
but by Hayden, an English musician, who was organist at Bermondsey
nearly two centuries back.

LYRICA.—An excellent "Life of Schubert," translated by Mr. A. D. Cole-
ridge from the German of K. von Hellbom, is published by Longman
and Co.

VERONICA.—Ritter's "History of Music" is probably the worst book of the
kind that was ever written.

S. J. N.—It is understood that Mlle. Albani will retain her maiden name
for professional purposes, after her marriage with Mr. Ernest Gye.

VETERINARIAN.

W. L. MCKENZIE.—Your mare died from shock. Had you made a post
mortem examination you would have found a rupture of some internal
organ, either stomach, liver, bladder, spleen—some large internal viscus.
The symptoms of shock are: blanched mucous membranes—nose and
mouth are well seen—cold perspirations, quick breathing, frequent sighing,
and a weak thready pulse, with dilated pupils.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TELLUS.—Your verses on the Phonograph are tolerably good, but they are
founded on a total misapprehension. The Phonograph is no conjuring
apparatus, but a most wonderful scientific invention. By its aid, in con-
junction with the Electrotype, it would be possible to preserve the sounds
and the individual quality of voice produced by any singer, and to repro-
duce them thousands of years hence. Before you indulge in further jokes
respecting the Phonograph, go and test it.

A. NON-SUBSCRIBER.—Consult our advertising pages. If the information is
not therein we cannot help you. It certainly ought to be there.

R. MARTIN.—1. The last were two unfortunate Unitarians, who were burnt
for heresy in 1612. 2. Oil lamps were introduced for the regular lighting
of the streets of London in 1762.

C. CLIVE.—We cannot vouch for the firm's respectability.

J. L.—1. The dandy-prat was a small silver coin of little value, which was
introduced in the reign of Henry VIII. 2. We have been unable to
obtain the information. 3. The brutal sport of bull-baiting was introduced
to England in 1209 and was first practised at Stamford, in Lincolnshire,
by William, Earl of Warren.

EDWARD LATHAM.—1. One of the towers of Saint-Sulpice was called "the
Hat of Servandony," hence the old French saying—attributed originally
to Danton—"Firm as the hat of Servandony." 2. It was not Napoleon,
but Frederick the Great, who observed that "Feeling is the main-spring of
every great effort."

JOSEPH B. CLARK.—Plenty of evidence of the most reliable kind.

J. H. PITMAN.—Up to the general peace of 1815 the Western and Eastern
States of America had no direct means of communication.

W. F.—By the old "Machines" the journey between York and London used
to occupy six days. The mail coaches which succeeded them did the
journey in twenty hours. The difference was of course largely due to an
improved state of the roads. The "Machines," as they were called,
had to be made for strength, and were consequently heavy cumbersome
vehicles compared with the stage and mail coaches which preceded
railway travelling, and they also required more and heavier horses. The
amount of strong heavy timber in the old travelling coach of Hogarth's time
may be seen in his painting of the Inn Yard.

HLB P.—Thanks. The paragraphs would be acceptable.

F. DAVIS.—The old Islington Cattle Market, near Ball's Pond, was opened
April 18th, 1836, under an Act of Parliament; the new one in Copenhagen
Fields was opened in 1845, after the former had proved a failure.

R. BELL.—Such sketches, unless associated with some event of local importance
and general interest, would not be available for our pages. We
have no space for them.

S. H. (Brighton).—1. The person you name compromised with his creditors
for two shillings in the pound, about eighteen months ago. 2. Hay-
market and Regent-street. We believe Kingston.

E. H. P.—Many thanks for your good wishes. Such people may go on
for years, but are sure to be found out, and their character and antecedents
known. The best plan is to "bide your time," particularly as your
evidence is so complete. 2. Possibly in the ballet or a small part in a
burlesque of *Pizarro*; certainly not in the drama of that name.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878.

THE success attendant upon the venture of Mr. Sanford
in importing from America blood stock for the purpose of
measuring swords with the equine flower of the old country,
has been, so far, of a very limited description, for only a
few comparatively unimportant races have fallen to his
horse's share, and seem lacking in speed and dash when put
alongside our cracks over all sorts of courses. Their
enterprising owner, however, came among us in such
modest guise, and so palpably lacking in that spirit of
"bounce" we had previously experienced from certain of
his countrymen, that all were disposed to receive him
favourably and to give him the fairest opportunity of test-
ing the calibre of his horses. We think it will now be
agreed on all hands that his representatives have had a
very fair trial among all classes of our racehorses, and
that their capabilities have been duly gauged, whether
as stayers or sprinters, the advantages remaining with the
British thoroughbred at all points, putting make and shape
out of the question, which we shall presently have to con-
sider. But it appears that other gentlemen, whether for
racing purposes or not it has not yet transpired, have
thought it worth while to follow his example, and among
these two noblemen closely identified with the turf in
England—viz., the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Rosebery.
A short time since the arrival was reported in the Mersey

of the ship *Wisconsin*, laden in part with a freight of
yearlings from the sales recently held in America, the
consignment numbering some dozen, four of which have
been purchased on behalf of the Duke of Hamilton, one
for Lord Rosebery, one for Mr. M. Dawson, and the
remainder on behalf of Messrs. Sanford and Belmont, who
will, we learn, train together with Littlefield at Newmarket.
The yearlings are by Glenelg, Lexington, Virgil, Monarchist,
Kingfisher and other notabilities of the American Stud-
book, and from the minute descriptions given of each,
they must be reckoned of good size as compared with our
own stock of the same age, and be it noted that nearly all are
April and May foals. There can be little doubt that these
yearlings destined for English stables, as well as those im-
ported by Messrs. Sanford and Belmont, are intended to take
an active part in racing business this side of the Atlantic;
and this being so, we look forward with much interest to
their doings in the hands of English trainers, whose
method is slightly different from that pursued by their
Yankee cousins, and perhaps better calculated to develop
the capabilities of their young charges as racing is carried
on in this country? But however interesting the experi-
ment may be, we must look forward, and ask ourselves the
question, How far an infusion of American blood (of course,
primarily descended from English sources) may be the
means of improving our own breed of thoroughbreds in this
country. It is rather a significant sign when we see the
Duke of Hamilton using his horse Preakness for breeding
purposes, not among half-breds, but with his blood mares,
thus boldly initiating an entirely novel policy, and show-
ing himself not averse to give a fair trial to sources of
blood only new to us because they have, we think, been
neglected for want of means to utilise them. This same
Preakness, with whose looks and action most *habitués* of
Newmarket were familiar while in training, was deemed
good enough to carry off the first prize, a week or two
since, in a class containing Citadel and other well-known
horses of the Agricultural Show yards, and we have heard
it remarked that he exactly represents the type of horse,
hitherto almost ideal, best calculated to suit half-breds,
without losing caste as a progenitor of racing stock. If this
be the case, the noblemen and gentlemen who have
recently embarked in the purchase of American yearlings
have done so with singular judgment and foresight, and
their venture is sure to be a profitable one even should
it be found after all that our breed of horses can only be
improved by them from a half-bred point of view,
whereas there is a capital chance of their succeeding in
the same line as our fashionable and expensive sires of
the day.

No one who followed Preakness, Bay Final, or Brown
Prince round a paddock could fail to be struck by the con-
trast they presented to their compeers of British extrac-
tion. They were not, as we should put it, quite so
"racing-like," but there was far more bone, substance,
and size generally than most of our cracks could show,
and we are rather inclined to doubt whether any of them
were prepared for their races after the fashion in vogue
here, which may partly account for their failure to hold
their own in the best of company. They put us greatly in
mind of certain of our bygone racing celebrities, as de-
picted in old prints and paintings, and they struck us as just
the cut of horse suited for long, slow races, such as those
must have been which were wont to be decided over the
Beacon, or other heartbreaking courses, at Newmarket in
the good old times. No doubt can exist as to the purity of
their blood, derived in the first instance from this country;
but, whether owing to different climate and treatment,
they appear to have undergone great changes in appear-
ance, inasmuch that any but complimentary descrip-
tions of them were given when first stripped for racing in
England. Lately we have been induced to "hark back"
to certain long-lost strains of blood in France, for the pur-
pose, it may be presumed, of obtaining a larger share of
that bone and substance for which most of the French
champions have been conspicuous; and breeders are now
content to take the risk of sending their mares abroad at
great expense, and with very high covering fees to pay, for
the purpose of reimporting some of the size and substance,
the art of producing which seems to be in abeyance among
us. It may be worth while considering whether American
stallions of the Preakness type might not fulfil their require-
ments at a much cheaper rate, though we are willing to
grant the blood is not so "fashionable" as that of Mortemer,
Boiard, Flageolet, and other celebrities at the public service
in France. We cannot help thinking that, if any of these
recent importations should be found capable of holding
their own in good racing company here, their services
as sires would speedily be in demand among English
breeders, who would not then be slow to recognise the
many good points which the "Yankees" possess, but
which are now less apparent because unassociated with
the brilliant "form" and fashion of the cracks by which
such great store is set.

We are of opinion, then, that there is a significance,
which cannot be disputed, in this movement towards the
recognition of a breed of horses likely enough to be duly
appreciated in course of time. It will be in the recol-
lection of many of us that French importations for racing
purposes failed to meet with immediate success; but in a
few short years we have been compelled to change our
derision into wonderment, and to take arrows out of the
enemy's quiver which we helped him to fill. In like
manner the day may come when we shall gladly avail
ourselves of American blood, and it betrays no lack of
foresight or intelligence in those interested in breeding
operations thus early to take advantage of the opportunity
for acquiring fresh blood. Even should it fail to benefit our
racehorses, its effect upon less distinguished families
cannot but be beneficial; and, above all things, it will
furnish a complete change which cannot be otherwise
than desirable. The fruits of the enterprise will not of
course be immediately apparent, but they may be
expected to show themselves in the course of a few years,
when the experiment shall have had time to work out its
results. In the meantime we can only counsel perse-
verance, and heartily wish good luck to those who have
certainly deserved well of their country by endeavouring
to enhance her wealth of equine blood from hitherto
untried sources.

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co., 84, New Bond-street,—
“A Tryst with Death,” price 3s., written by Adelaide Procter, composed by J. Schönbach. The leading idea of this song is poetical, but the verses are in some instances carelessly written. Such rhymes as “on” and “done” are indefensible. Still more objectionable is the use of the word “hour” as a dissyllable, both by writer and composer. The music is melodious and expressive. “There was a king of Thule,” price 4s., ballad, translated from Goethe’s *Faust*, and composed by M. White. The translation is commendable, and the music, in the key of D minor, is sympathetic in character, and will recommend the ballad to bass and contralto singers. “Regret,” price 4s., words by C. J. Rowe, music by P. Bucalossi, is a sentimental ballad for a tenor voice. The words are commonplace, and the music is ineffective. “When the gorse is in blossom,” price 4s., words by G. Campbell, music by E. Faning. A simple and pretty ballad, with a little story founded on the West Country saying that “When the gorse is out of blossom, then kissing is n’t sweet.” The music is tuneful and unpretentious, and the song is likely to become popular. “One for another,” price 4s., song, words by E. Oxenford, music by E. Faning. It would be gratifying to be able to believe, with the writer of this song, that “All the hearts that are beating on earth Friendship in time will enslave,” but his philosophy appears to be nonsensical. The music is melodious. “The Young Rose,” price 3s., words by Thomas Moore, music by R. Guerini. A sympathetic setting of Moore’s elegant little poem. “The Kiss,” price 3s., is a setting by the same composer of Byron’s well-known lines, commencing, “The kiss, dear maid, thy lips have left.” The melody is flowing and sympathetic; the accompaniment might be improved. “The Fountain,” price 3s., is a setting by the same composer of lines by J. R. Lowell. The melody is simple, and the accompaniment represents the splashing and rippling of the fountain. “True unto death,” price 3s., is a setting by B. Hollander of Theodore Körner’s “Freuer Tod.” The English version is well written, the music is in the most pronounced form of the modern German school, and the composer has evidently thought it to be his first duty to abstain from introducing any melodic phrases which might draw attention away from the poetry. “Ah si vous saviez,” price 2s. 6d., is a setting by the same composer of French verses by Lully Prudhomme, with which is printed a mediocre English translation. The melody contains many graceful phrases, and the song will be suitable both to sopranos and tenors. “Thou standest near,” price 2s. 6d., by the same composer, is a setting of Fr. Ruperti’s poem, “Du stehst vor mir.” The English version is faulty, and contains such absurd attempts at rhyme as “moved me” with “loved thee,” “vision” with “delusion.” The German words may recommend the song to vocalists who are indifferent about melody. “Tu me demandes, rieuse,” is a setting by the same composer of some pretty and fanciful French verses, by Emile Richepin. The melody is flowing and simple, and the song is a graceful trifle which will be acceptable in the drawing-room. The English version, printed with the original French text, is really contemptible. In the French form each verse is composed of six lines, and each of the six lines rhymes with another line. In the English version there is, only one rhyme in the second verse, and no rhyme at all in the first and third verses! The translator’s name is not given. “Three short pieces for the pianoforte,” price 2s. 6d. each, by G. J. Van Eyken, comprise (No. 1) “Sarabande,” (No. 2) “Intermezzo,” and (No. 3) “Echo Song.” They are well adapted to teaching purposes. M. Alex. Billet’s “Reminiscences pour le piano” (price 3s. each) of *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Der Freischütz* may be recommended to teachers and amateurs. Favourite melodies from the operas above-named are effectively transcribed, and embellished with sufficient embroidery of cadenza and arpeggi to render them attractive as vehicles for display.

SPORT AND THE DRAMA IN AMERICA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

New York, July 20th, 1878.

THE weather is frightful in the metropolis, and the telegraph flashes to us sad tales of death from sunstroke in every city of the great West. In St. Louis on one day of this week over fifty deaths occurred from the overpowering effects of the sun.

On every hand the note of preparation for next season is now heard, and the faces of provincial managers are haunting the places where actors most do congregate. As in the preceding season, the business will be done by travelling combinations, there being but eight cities in the Union that employ stock companies, time being filled entirely by travelling organisations.

A music-hall agency, known as Ireson and Caverly’s, came to grief a few days ago by the sudden departure of Caverly, who decamped with all the funds the firm had in hand, and which had all been furnished by Mr. Ireson. The latter person had been engaged in mercantile pursuits, and abandoned his business to form a co-partnership with Caverly. As Caverly is known to have gone to Europe, and may endeavour to engage people for America, it would be well to keep a sharp look-out for him.

J. K. Emmett, the German dialect actor who plays Fritz, received a sound and well-deserved thrashing at the hands of Mr. E. E. Zimmerman, the well-known business manager. On the pavement of the Union Place Hotel the two met, and conversation in an undertone was carried on for some time, until Emmett was heard to call Mr. Zimmerman a liar, and at the same time attempted to strike him. Mr. Z. inaugurated the defence by a well-delivered blow on Emmett’s nose, and the claret flowed freely from the ex-minstrel’s proboscis. The blue coat of an approaching policeman being visible, both parties attempted to elude arrest by flight. Blinded by the blood which flowed freely from him, Emmett was captured by the “cop,” who conveyed him to the toms, where he was locked up till the afternoon sitting of the court. Emmett was so severely punished that he was confined to his bed for several days.

Stephen Fiske talks of opening a dramatic college, in which persons of both sexes may obtain that knowledge of acting which is sometimes stupidly considered necessary for a successful appearance on the stage. In other words, having a theatre, they intend charging the stage-struck a fee for tuition, and then inflict these incapables upon an unhappy public.

Augustin Daly has at last found an “angel.” I do not mean that, like Balaam’s ass, he has encountered a Bible angel—these beings it is not at all likely will ever trouble Mr. Daly’s vision. The term “angel” in American theatrical parlance is used to denote a man who puts up money for a bankrupt theatrical manager or enterprise. The result of his angelic discovery has been the leasing of the Broadway Theatre by Daly for 18,000 dollars. This is the house in which the juvenile Duff and his father sunk 25,000 dollars in three months, and which has been the grave in which many an unfortunate manager has buried his hopes and his money. It is intended to produce at this place such adaptations and translations from the French as Mr. Daly can find persons to make for him.

The Lyceum Theatre—another tomb—has been leased by Shook and Palmer, and by them re-leased to Kate Claxton. The Lyceum will be run as a star theatre, and as a low-priced

offshoot of the Union-square Theatre. Miss Claxton (Mrs. Charles E. Stevenson) is a plucky, hard-working, little woman, and although she knows nothing of management, or business, as was evidenced in her recent bankruptcy suits—in which she signed any number of papers for her ex-husband without knowing their contents—the whole community will join in wishing her success.

Booth’s Theatre will open with Genevieve Ward, who is being much peuffed through the exertions of Jarrett and Palmer. *Jane Shore* will be the opening piece, which play it is also reported will be the attraction offered by Miss Ada Cavendish. We shall see. One thing is certain: Miss Ward is being worked so strongly that the chances are ten to one that she will disappoint the public. That is one serious objection against these otherwise good managers.

The Montague *Diplomacy* party have, after all, gone to San Francisco to play, French having succeeded in obtaining an injunction against Tom Maguire enjoining him from the production of the piece.

Frank Noyes, an actor, was drowned in Spuyten Duyrl the other day. Ella M’Call (sister of Lizzie), a member of the Rice Opera Company, committed suicide yesterday.

O’Leary undertook last week to walk 275 miles, while Smerlink, an amateur, walked 250 miles, and was defeated, Smerlink completing his task in one hour less than O’Leary.

The Saratoga Races commence to-day, and will continue during next week. A large attendance will undoubtedly be in attendance, and all the best horses in the country will be on hand.

The contest between the freshmen of Harvard and Cornell Colleges occurred on the 17th. The Cornell crew were the victors, they winning by fifteen seconds. The course rowed was three miles.

A public reception will be given the Columbias on their arrival, which promises to be a grand affair, the Board of Alderman of New York having agreed by resolution to take part in the proposed ovation to the successful crew.

The polo season is opening very strongly, and many intensely exciting games have taken place.

WILLEC.

TROUT FISHING IN THE THAMES.

THE Thames trout is the autocrat of the Thames. He is in every respect, as described by a recent angling author, the “very ideal of a fishy Apollo and Hercules combined.” His lustrous sides shot with crimson, and often as iridescent as mother-o’-pearl, his brilliant eye, his powerful recalcitrant jaw, and to crown all, his gigantic strength and heroic courage show him in every way deserving of the distinction thus conferred. The so-called “lordly” salmon may be the king of fresh water, but assuredly the Thames trout is the prince of all our streams.

The angling for this fish is consistent with its patrician character. All other fishing on “Father” Thames is plebeian beside trout fishing. The cleverness of the trout (I have known a Thames trout smash the brains of the revolving bait, avoiding the thirteen attendant hooks), the “Greek to Greek” combat when hooked fairly, and the necessity for patience, perseverance, skill, and, last but not least, the desirability of means to meet the expenses of trout fishing, render it a royal sport to be pursued chiefly by the patrician angler. Certainly during the early part of the season a trout was captured at Kingston by an humble roach fisher, but the notoriety attending such a fortunate feat proves that it was an exception to an eminently general rule.

Some very high æsthetic qualifications are required for trout fishing apart from ways and means. First on the list, as I have indicated, is patience. An old angler poet, writing in 1692, refers to this virtue as the usual result of any kind of fishing:—

If patience be a virtue then
How happy are we fishermen,
For all do know that those who fish,
Have patience more than heart can wish.

How much more is patience required in angling for Thames trout! I have fished from sunrise to sundown, day after day, for a week at a time, and although verily I have had my reward in the shape of an unseasonable perch or morbidly voracious barbel or chub, never a *salmo fario* has gladdened mine aching sight. And perseverance goes hand in hand with the necessarily exercised patience and skill. When, however—*finis coronat opus*—the end crowns the work, skill is indispensable, or the careful, persistent search has been in vain, and the patient heart aches with the disappointment of a lost—Thames trout.

The *modus operandi* of Thames trout fishing is not difficult of accomplishment when you know how. There are various ways of angling for this fish which may be here briefly enumerated. Spinning, said by some to be the most artistic of all, live baiting with the Nottingham tackle, and fly-fishing as for salmon. The first two, I opine, are the most to be recommended on all counts. Spinning with the miniature pike flight, drawn gut trace and thin well-dressed line, requires careful manipulation. Gathering the line in his hand with finger and thumb (either in the right hand or left, for the efficient trout fisherman is *ambidexterous*), and standing on the high weir top, with the rushing, boiling water reeling from him twelve feet below, Piscator urges the bait as it flashes in its revolutions into the rough and the smooth eddies, or, as in the illustration given, into the

One sharp rapid, where the crisping white
Fl-ys ever back upon the sloping wave,

where perchance with leopard-like bound the magnificent quarry takes the seductive bait. Thus is it with spinning. The “Nottingham” style requires even yet more *finesse*. A line as fine as sewing cotton of ordinary twist silk, a length of web-like gut, and a single hook, are the chief of the live-baiter’s appurtenances. When the live bait meanders into the whirling circles of the tiny maelstroms of the weir, the trout, lethargic till then, springs on the audacious prey. The hook transfixes him; then comes “the tug of war.” The handling of the elastic rod implies no skull-dragging process, but a perfectly unique appreciation of the situation and a deliberation and coolness demanded by few other exigencies. Fly-fishing with the nondescript bait, yclept, a “grile” fly, I hold to be inferior to the styles above indicated. Truly the sport is fine, owing, however, only to the gameness of the trout. The bait is to my mind, however, bad. The fly is like nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, and I can only account for the fish taking so glibly an imposition, by imagining that this fishy Apollo-Hercules is a Sir Bedivere—

Valuing the giddy pleasures of the eyes,
like a girl,

The artist has depicted with sterling faithfulness the finish of a glorious tussle with the fish of which I have been speaking. The Blankton (*query* Shepperton?) of which Ashley Sterry so musically sings is here portrayed. Piscator, rod in hand, has fought with the warrior-fish with quickened pulse till the last dread struggle. The very moment is shown. The puntsman is seeking the near bank; the angler, alert and watchful, yet flushed with the hope of conquest, is reeling in the hitherto extended line, and possibly one or two struggles more ends the scene. Then, when *abijt ad plures salmo fario* has gone over to the many; when, as Gay puts it, he

Stretched his quivering limbs and gasping dies
on the grassy sward to which the puntsman is urging the boat,

what a jubilate is roused by the captor, how paragraphs in the sporting papers render him the lion of the angling day, and how the memory of that combat is imprinted on his mind never to fade away!

JOHN H. KEENE.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Solutions of Problem No. 195 by G. S., J. G., I. W. Y., and Tight Stays are correct.

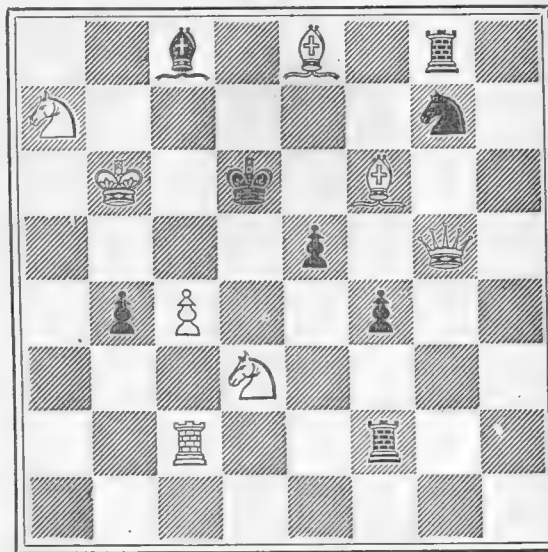
A. S.—Mr. Miles’s “Book of Problems” has just been published, we believe by Morgan, 67, Barbican.

H. E. B.—Many thanks for your kind communications.

PROBLEM 197.

P. T. DUFFY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

THE PARIS TOURNAMENT.

The following game is well worthy of examination on account of its very pretty ending:—

[Irregular Opening]

WHITE. (Mr. Bird.)	BLACK. (Herr Pitschell.)	WHITE. (Mr. Bird.)	BLACK. (Herr Pitschell.)
1. P to K B 4	P to K B 4	17. P to R 3	Kt to K 3 (b)
2. P to K 3	P to K 3	18. R to Q B sq	P to B 3
3. B to K 2	Kt to K B 3	19. P to Kt 5	Kt to B 3 (c)
4. P to Q Kt 3	B to K 2	20. B to R 3	R to B 2
5. B to Kt 2	Castles	21. Kt to K 5	B to Q 2
6. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3 (a)	22. P to Kt 4 (d)	P takes Q Kt P
7. P to Q R 4	Kt to K 5	23. P to K Kt 5	P takes Q R P
8. P to Q 3	B to B 3	24. Q to Kt 4	B to B 3
9. P to B 3	Kt to Q B 4	25. P takes Kt at R 3	R to Q B 2
10. P to Q Kt 4	K Kt to Q 2	26. R to K Kt sq	Q R to Q B sq
11. Q to Kt 3	Q to K sq	27. R to Q H 2	P to K Kt 3
12. Kt to Q 4	H takes Kt	28. P to K R 4	K to R sq
13. B P takes B	P to Q 4	29. Q to Q 6	P to Q R 4
14. Kt to Q 2	Kt to K B 3	30. P to K R 5	P to Q Kt 4
15. Kt to B 3	Kt to Kt 5	31. B to H 5	B to R sq
16. K to Q 2	Kt to Q 2	32. P takes P	P to Kt 5 and resigned (e)

(a) P to Q Kt 3 would have been better. With the pawns situated as they are, the nicest judgment is required to discern the proper juncture for advancing the Q P.

(b) This Kt would have been safer and more effective at B 3. (c) Black’s position at this point was bad, but this move makes it worse; it not merely afforded white an opportunity of winning the exchange, but invited his Pawns to an attack upon the Knights which cannot be repelled without some loss.

(d) Conscious that he can realise his advantage at his leisure, White very properly hastens to strengthen his attack.

(e) Anticipating the following very pretty mate which White was about to administer to him:—

WHITE.	BLACK.
33. P to Kt 7 (ch)	R takes P
34. P takes K (ch)	K to Kt sq
35. Q to B 8 (ch)	Q takes Q
36. P takes Q. Queening and mating.	

CHESS IN LONDON.

A SPRIGHTLY and amusing gamelet lately played at Simpson’s Divan:—
[Scotch Gambit.]

WHITE. (Mr. Fisher.)	BLACK. (Mr. MacDonnell.)	WHITE. (Mr. Fisher.)	BLACK. (Mr. MacDonnell.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. P to B 5	R takes B (e)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	14. P takes Kt	R to Q 5
3. P to Q 4	P takes P	15. P takes B P	B takes B P
4. Kt takes P	B to B 4	16. B to H 4	P to K Kt 4
5. Kt takes Kt (a)	Q to B 3	17. Q to K Kt 4 (ch) (f)	K to Kt sq
6. P to K B 3 (b)	Q P takes Kt	18. Kt to K 2	P takes B
7. B to Q 3	B to K 3	19. Kt tak s R	Q takes P (ch) (g)
8. Kt to B 3	Kt to K 2	20. Kt to K 2	B to R 4
9. P to K Kt 3 (c)	Castles Q R	21. P takes P	Q takes Kt (ch)
10. Q to K 2	Kt to Kt 3	22. Q takes Q	R takes Q (ch)
11. P to B 4	K R to K sq (d)	23. K to B sq	R takes B P
12. P to K 5	Q to K 2	24. P to K K 4	B to B 6

(a) B to K 3 is considered best here. (b) Probably original, and certainly weak; the accredited coup is Q to B 3.

(c) He ought to have played the Q at once to K 2, and then B to K 3. (d) A stroke the full force of which White failed to realise until it was too late to neutralise it.

(e) The proffered sacrifice is perfectly sound; for White cannot capture the Rook without losing his advanced Pawns, and becoming exposed to an irresistible attack.

(f) A useless parade of queenly power; of course he cannot capture the Kt P but at the expense of a piece.

(g) The most merciful because the quickest mode of terminating the conflict.

THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

The following was the full score at the conclusion of the last round:—

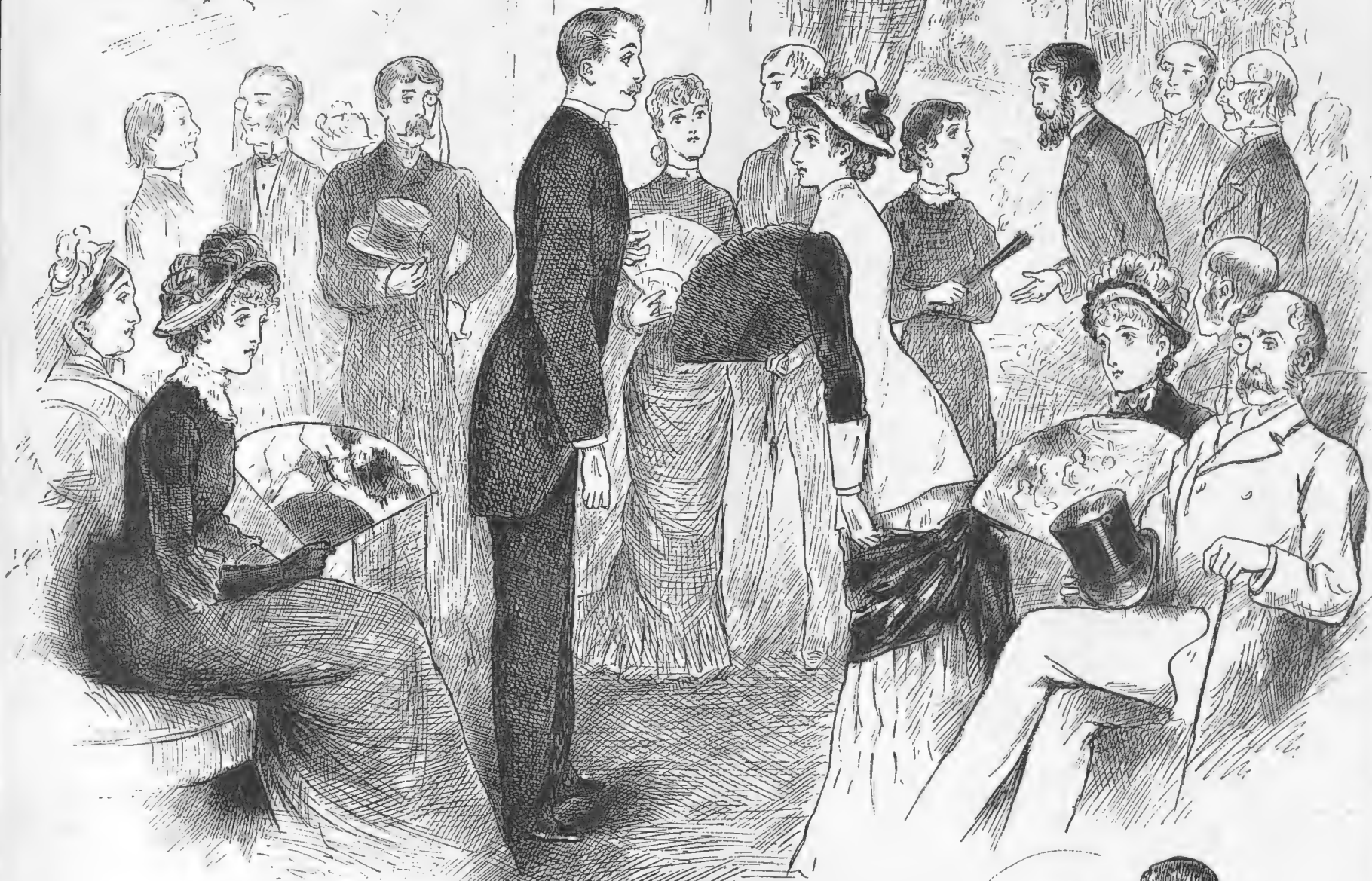
	Anderssen	Bird	Blackburne	Clerc	Englisch	Gifford	Mackenzie	Mason	Pitschel	Rosenthal	Winawer	Zukertort	Total
Anderssen	00	11	11	10	10	11	10	11	10	01	121
Bird	11	...	10	10	11	01	11	11	01	00	113
Blackburne	00	01	...	11	11	11	11	11	01	01	141
Clerc	00	01	00	...	10	10	01	11	01	01	81
Englisch	01	01	01	...	11	01	11	01	11	01	111
Gifford	01	00	00	01	00	...	00	00	11	00	101
Mackenzie	00	10	01	01	10	11	...	11	01	01	111
Mason	01	00	01	10	11	00	...	11	10	00	111
Pitschel	00	00	00	00	10	01	01	...	00	00	21
Rosenthal	11	10	10	10	11	11	01	11	...	00	111
Winawer	11	11	11	11	10	11	11	11	...	10	161
Zukertort	11	11	10	11	11	01	11	11	01	...	161

From the above table it will be seen that Messrs. Winawer and Zukertort made the highest score in the tourney, and tied for the 1st prize. They commenced to play off the tie on Saturday last, and so far the play has resulted in two draws. The winner of the first two games will be the victor. Messrs. Bird and Mackenzie having tied for the 4th prize, also played a similar match, and the latter gentleman was victorious. The 3rd prize was won by Blackburne, and the 6th by Anderssen.

The End of the Season 1878



Bored & Study of Evans



Hostess (by) "My dear Ethel I've been hovering near this door for two hours"

Afternoon dance temperature 90



Time we left town, its getting awful dull



Sitting out a dance

Dover Wilson T.P.

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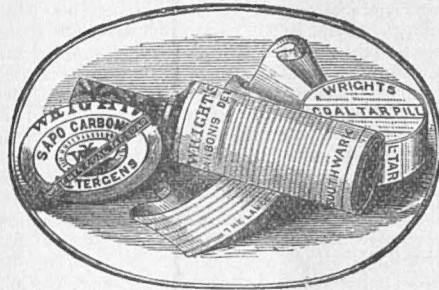
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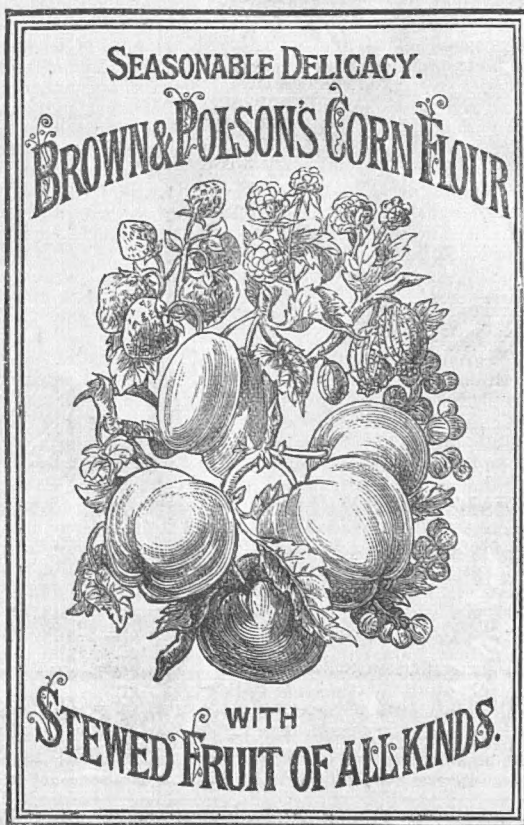
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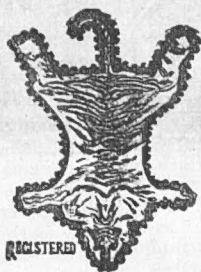
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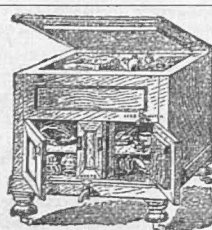
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ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

THE following account of Garrick's acting the arduous character of King Lear, as well as the source from whence he drew his conceptions of the part, will, doubtless, prove interesting:—

It was in Lear's madness that Garrick's genius was remarkably distinguished. He had no sudden starts, no violent gesticulations; his movements were slow and feeble; misery was

depicted in his countenance; he moved his head in the most deliberate manner; his eyes were fixed, or, if they were turned to anyone near him, he made a pause and fixed his look upon the person after much delay, his features at the same time telling what he was going to say before he uttered a word. During the whole time he presented a sight of woe and misery, and a total alienation of mind from every idea but that of his cruel daughter. He used to tell how he began to study this great and difficult

part of Lear. He was acquainted with a man who lived in Leman-street, Goodman's-fields. This friend had an only daughter about two years old. He stood at his dining-room window fondling the child and dandling it in his arms, when the infant suddenly fell on to the stones below and was killed. The father remained at the open window screaming in agonies of grief. The neighbours flocked to the house, lifted the dead child and carried it in to the father, who wept bitterly, and who, it was



A DARING INTRUDER.

discovered in a very few minutes, had lost his reason, and from that moment until his death was a madman. Having a sufficient fortune his friends arranged that he should still remain in the house he then occupied, and two keepers, under Dr. Monroe's instructions, were appointed to look after him. Garrick frequently went to see his distracted friend, who passed the remainder of his life in going to the window and there playing in fancy with his

child. After some little time he in imagination let it fall, and then burst into a flood of tears. He then sat down in pensive mood, his eyes fixed on one object, at times looking slowly around him as if to implore compassion. Garrick was often present during this scene of misery, and often said it gave him the first idea of King Lear's madness, and many times in company he gave a representation of the unfortunate father. He leaned on the back of

a chair, seeming with paternal fondness to play with a child, and after expressing the most heartfelt delight he suddenly let the infant fall, and instantly broke out into a most violent agony of grief, so tender, so affecting, and so pathetic that every eye in the company was moistened with tears. "There it was," said Garrick, "that I learned to imitate madness. I copied Nature, and to that owed my success in *King Lear*."